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OUR LATEST CRITIC.

When the Union League Club of Chicago, last February, invited Mr. Frederic Harrison to join in its annual observance of the birthday of George Washington, it made a singularly happy choice. Mr. Harrison is not only a finished public speaker, but he is also a historical scholar of broad-minded view, and a political philosopher of the first rank. Few Englishmen are as free from the insular prejudices that are apt to warp the opinions of the best-intentioned of his fellow-countrymen, and in his mental bearing there is no trace of "a certain condescension toward foreigners." He is, moreover, noticeable for a tendency to exalt the *rôle* of the great man in history, while free from the erratic temper of such men as Carlyle and Emerson, whose selection of figures for the illustration of this principle was sometimes peculiar. The wisdom which chose Mr. Harrison as the panegyrist of the first great American was as fully justified as that which has made him the most prominent figure in the approaching millenary of the first great Englishman.

When Mr. Harrison returned to his own country, after remaining with us for several weeks, we confidently expected that he would have some "impressions of America" to give the English public, and would have felt keenly disappointed had he kept the impressions to himself. Mr. Harrison, with the possible exception of Mr. James Bryce, has been the most distinguished of our English visitors since Matthew Arnold viewed our civilization through his critical lenses, and, unlike Mr. Arnold, he refrained from the rashness of discoursing beforehand upon what he expected to find in the New World. He was thus spared the awkwardness of correcting his *a priori* judgments, and he did not come to us as a critic who had already rubbed our fur the wrong way. There is no reason, then, why we should not give an open-minded greeting to his comments upon our society, and thank him no less for what he finds to blame than what he finds to praise.

Fortunately for our pride, Mr. Harrison, in his essay just published in "The Nineteenth Century," finds comparatively little to blame in our national life as he viewed it, and when he does chide, it is so gently that it would need a very captious person to take offense. From

the ordinary adverse prepossessions of our foreign visitors he is noticeably free. He knows how to reckon at its true value the European legend of American life, knows how largely that legend is based upon our newspapers that do their best to misrepresent us, upon the snapshot opinions of irritable tourists, and upon the eccentric conduct of some of our citizens when they find themselves in foreign parts. There is no *parti pris* in Mr. Harrison's estimate; he came to us with candid mind, determined to report upon what he actually saw or discerned to be the truth concerning us.

Let us glance for a moment at some of his main conclusions. He is not misled by the mingling of nationalities that has produced the American people, but sees clearly that, with all the foreign strains in our population, we are essentially a people of English type, with English ideals of law, politics, and morals.

"The citizen of the United States is at heart much the same man as the subject of King Edward; the intellectual, social, and religious tone is nearly identical; the proverbial differences we hear of have been absurdly exaggerated. . . . The American world is practically 'run' by genuine Americans. Foreigners are more *en évidence* in London or Manchester, it seemed to me, than they are in New York, Philadelphia, or Boston. . . . From Long Island to San Francisco, from Florida Bay to Vancouver's Island, there is one dominant race and civilization, one language, one type of law, one sense of nationality."

Of Chicago, the city in which Mr. Harrison first sojourned, and which he takes to be more typical of our civilization than almost any other, he has many interesting things to say. He does not find pork, grain, and anarchists to be its specialties, but rather education, and art, and social amelioration.

"Certainly, during my visit I heard of nothing but the progress of education, university endowments, people's institutes, libraries, museums, art schools, workmen's model dwellings and farms, literary culture, and scientific foundations. I saw there one of the best equipped and most vigorous art schools in America, one of the best Toynbee Hall settlements in the world, and perhaps the most rapidly developed university in existence. My friends of the Union League Club, themselves men of business proud of the city, strongly urged me to dispense with the usual visit to the grain elevators and the stockyards, where hogs and oxen are slaughtered by millions and consigned to Europe, but to spend my time in inspecting libraries, schools, and museums. No city in the world can show such enormous endowments for educational, scientific, and charitable purposes lavished within ten years, and still unlimited in supply. . . . The impression left on my mind was that the citizens of Chicago were bringing their extraordinary enterprise to bear quite as much on social, intellectual, and artistic interests as they confessedly do on grain, ham, steel, and lumber. They will have to do so if they are to hold their own in the future of civilization. For the manifest destiny of Chicago is to be the heart of the American continent."

Of the future material supremacy of the American people, Mr. Harrison is as fully convinced as he is of the future predominance of Chicago among American cities. This supremacy is to result from our combination of large population, our educational agencies, our natural resources, and our social and political system, "more favorable to material development than any other society ever devised by man." The writer goes on to say:

"It is a curious instance of the power of national egotism that Europe fails to grasp this truth — that Germans, with their wretchedly poor country, narrow seaboard, and scanty rivers, ports, and minerals, still aspire to the first place; that Frenchmen fail to see how their passion for art, rest, and home has handicapped them in the race for supremacy in things material; that Britons, in their narrow island and their comfortable traditions, will not recognize that the industrial prizes must ultimately go to numbers, national unity, physical resources, geographical opportunities, trained intelligence, and restless ambition."

But the triumphs of civilization are not all material, as our latest critic knows full well. He admits that our libraries are magnificent, that our educational machinery is "at least tenfold that of the United Kingdom," and that our reading public is enormous. With these patent facts, however, there goes the question whether "this vast prosperity, this boundless future, rests upon an equal expansion in the social, intellectual, and moral sphere." We must agree with him when he answers this question by saying that "they would be bold critics who should maintain it, and few thinking men in the United States do so without qualifications and misgivings." The question can never be answered for good until our society is old enough to become organized in the sense in which the European societies are organized, or until such organization shall have been clearly shown to be incompatible with the democratic ideal. At present, our society is "young, inorganic, and fluid," our culture is widespread but superficial, polished conversation is not a daily practice in many of our circles, and the sense of *noblesse oblige*, "as a force constraining men in high office or in great social position, has hardly any equivalent in American life."

A few other points made by Mr. Harrison are well worth mentioning. He believes, for instance, that "the standard of material well-being in the United States reaches for the masses of the laboring people a far higher and more permanent point than has ever yet been

attained by the laboring mass of civilized men." Speaking of the great fortunes that grow up in this country, he says that he "saw nothing to suggest that wealth in America is worse acquired or worse applied than it is in Europe." Perhaps the most pleasing of all his comments is the following:

"I received a deep impression that in America the relations of the sexes are in a state far more sound and pure than they are in the Old World; that the original feeling of the Pilgrim Fathers about woman and about man has sufficed to color the mental and moral atmosphere, and to give all sexual problems a new and clear field to develop in normal ways."

We call this a pleasing observation, not because it flatters us, but because we believe it to be — or, at least, to have been hitherto — one of the fundamental facts about American society. It is, moreover, precisely the sort of fact to which the vision of the foreign visitor does not easily penetrate, although it is deeply ingrained in the consciousness of every American who has grown up in an American home, gone through the American public schools, and familiarized himself with the characteristic productions of American literature and art. If Mr. Harrison, in the course of his two months' stay, could realize this truth, our confidence in his judgments upon other and more doubtful matters should be considerable; in a word, he is clearly of the observers who look beneath the surface of things, and whose opinions, even if formulated upon short notice, are bound to be treated with respect.

COMMUNICATION.

THE SIMPLIFYING OF COLLEGE DEGREES.

(To the Editor of THE DIAL.)

Hereafter the University of —— will confer only one degree, the A.B., for all undergraduate work. — *News Item.*

Something more than a hundred years ago a striking epigram, that all men are born free and equal, got into the head of a brilliant Virginian, and thence upon a bit of paper that afterwards became celebrated as the Declaration of Independence. It sounded so well that men took it up as a slogan of war and went through the Revolution with it on their lips. But, for all its attractive sound, our ancestors could not convince themselves of its truth, and utterly disregarded it when they came to the task of setting up a government. The epigram, however, did not die, but lived on in the mind and on the tongue of many an orator who went about pleading for it in the name of the people. And thousands loved it, despite its neglect by the majority. Its devotees had almost begun to lose heart; but now they may take courage, for the academic world has at last hit upon a plan whereby a beginning may be made toward putting it into practice. The plan is so simple, — indeed, it is based on an axiom, — that one wonders why it was not thought of long ago. It is nothing more nor less than to recognize the fact that everything that equal men do is of equal value and should receive the same name.

The honor of taking the lead in this movement must be given to the University of Timbuktu. The process of reasoning by which the faculty of this institution were brought to rearrange their whole plan of collegiate work was very simple: Culture is acquired by a study of the achievements of mankind. Now all men are equal, consequently all their achievements are equal, and of equal cultural value. The college as an institution of culture must recognize this fact and govern its courses accordingly.

A necessary corollary is that free men must be allowed the utmost liberty in selecting and arranging their work. Of course only one degree, the A.B., which has always stood for the highest culture, will be given. Hereby the confusion arising from a multiplicity of degrees, which some regard as meaningless, and which at most merely indicate the lines along which a student has directed his work, will be avoided. Hereafter the A.B. will simply mean that he has acquired culture by some one of the manifold combinations of studies possible, through a system of choice and chance, with a thousand or more subjects to choose from.

It will be impossible in a brief paper to give even the names of the many courses now offered at this institution, covering, as they do, five hundred pages of its last Register; but the prospective student may be benefited by a perusal of one of the possible combinations.

First Year (Old Freshman).		*Second Year (Old Sophomore).*	
Latin, or Fiji	3 hours.	Greek, or Tagal	3 hours.
Torts, or Toxicology	3 hours.	French, or Stereotomy	3 hours.
History, or Obstetrics	3 hours.	Chinese, or Chemistry	3 hours.
Algebra, or Metallurgy	3 hours.	Forestry, or Psychology	3 hours.
Homiletics, or Pomology	3 hours.	Logic, or Therapeutics	3 hours.
Total	15 hours.	Total	15 hours.

Many of the courses offered require only two hours per week, and are pursued only three months, in order that the student may have a still wider range. A series of lectures by noted specialists is arranged for each year, attendance upon which may be counted for a degree. The writer was particularly struck by two of the courses announced for next year, "The Quintessence of the Asymptote" and "The Sweet Influence of the Pleiades."

Some colleges looked upon this as a rather startling departure, and were a little slow to follow it at first. In particular, objection was made to the introduction into collegiate work of such subjects as Torts, Obstetrics, and the like, on the ground that they were professional. Such absurd objections, however, arose from prejudice due to long established custom. Many institutions now recognize this fact, but are afraid to cut loose from their old moorings too suddenly. They announce that only one degree, the A.B., will be given hereafter for collegiate work, and have gone so far as to say that some work which is commonly regarded as professional will be accepted for the last year's work in college. However, this timidity is fast disappearing, and it is only a question of time when the absurd and arbitrary distinctions between professional and non-professional studies in their relation to culture will be abolished.

DAVID Y. THOMAS (M.A.).

University of Timbuktu.

The New Books.

"Gardens Old and New."*

There is in England a sort of out-of-doors magazine known as "Country Life," which has been producing once a week forever a pleasant article on country house gardens — illustrated, of course. Sixty of these, collected, constitute the present volume bound with the slightly obvious title "Gardens Old and New." In a way, as a publication it may be considered as the youngest and most charming descendant of such books as Nash's "Mansions" and Richardson's "Historic Houses," having sprung directly from that union of architecture and photography so evident of late in combinations of pictures and chatter of notable dwellings. Some of these have appeared for their own interest, and many as backgrounds for the interest of some personality; but such as they are, historic mansions have of late teemed to such an extent that one now recognizes them rather wearily. Since Nash has achieved a rare-book value in the market, and Richardson is used as an historical document, it may be seen that we have been taking our houses seriously for a very long time, and it is consequently somewhat of a relief to take to the garden. This present collection, therefore, with its fresh-air quality — its parterres, and rosaries, and general garden panorama — comes to a welcome long preparing for it.

A republication in England and an importation in America, the critic's relationship to the book is not the nearest, but is one remove, so to speak: since it is also published as a popular volume, and is not aimed especially at landscape architects and such, we may even take our gardens lightly, as gardens should be taken. The proper way to take a garden is, of course, to take it at five o'clock of a summer's afternoon, and to take it with tea. So, pushing open the window of any of Mr. Nash's mansions, we will step out upon the terrace, and turning our backs on the stuffy world of furniture and interior decoration, survey the English out-of-doors of five o'clock and "brillig" when shadows grow longer and cooler, the intervals between distant noises lengthen, and the silver and the porcelain clink in polite *sotto voce* near by.

Mr. Henry James has given well the atmosphere of such a garden, in the "Portrait of a Lady," in the chapter which introduces the Touchetts:

> "Under certain conditions, there are few hours in life more agreeable than the hour dedicated to the ceremony known as afternoon tea. There are circumstances in which, whether you partake of the tea or not — some people of course never do — the situation is in itself delightful. Those I have in mind in beginning to unfold this simple history offered an admirable setting to an innocent pastime. The implements of the little feast had been disposed upon the lawn of an old English country house, in what I should call the perfect middle of a splendid summer afternoon. Part of the afternoon had waned, but much of it was left, and what was left was of the finest and rarest quality. Real dusk would not arrive for many hours, but the flood of summer light had begun to ebb, the air had grown mellow, the shadows were long upon the smooth, dense turf. They lengthened slowly, however, and the scene expressed that sense of leisure still to come which is perhaps the chief source of one's enjoyment of such a scene at such an hour. From five to eight is on certain occasions a little eternity; but on such an occasion as this the true interval could only be an eternity of pleasure. . . . The house that rose above the lawn was a structure to repay such consideration, and was the most characteristic object in the scene I have attempted to sketch. A long gabled front of red brick, with the complexion of which time and the weather had played all sorts of picturesque tricks, only, however, to improve and refine it, presented itself to the lawn, with its patches of ivy, its clustered chimneys, its windows smothered in creepers. The front of the house overlooking that portion of the lawn with which we are concerned was not the entrance front; that was in quite another quarter. Privacy here reigned supreme, and the wide carpet of turf that covered the level hill-top seemed but the extension of a luxurious interior. The great still oaks and beeches flung down a shade as dense as that of velvet curtains; and the place was furnished like a room, with cushioned seats, with rich colored rugs, with the books and papers that lay on the grass."

Then there is conversation, — but one may not quote a whole chapter. What has been given is an accurate and sympathetic word-picture, giving in color the leisurely and sequestered delights which the book we are talking about shows in black and white.

But in spite of this eminent example, and heedless of the well-known peaceful character of gardens, the gentleman who begins the book under review (and maybe ends it, for it contains anywhere from one to sixty anonymities) plunges immediately into all sorts of controversy. He chooses, curiously enough, as a motto for this proceeding, "*Horas non numero nisi serenas*," and then lines up landscape gardeners and architects in opposition, and makes the peaceful English close the battleground of opposing schools, who tear up

*Gardens Old and New: The Country House and its Garden Environment. Illustrated. New York: Imported by Charles Scribner's Sons.

each other's shrubs by the roots, and call on the reader to decide. This seems to be not the nicest way to begin a book on gardens. *Horas non numero* if you like, *nisi serenas* that I insist on, — and escaped to the pictures. These are charming and many, — lawn and court, hill-side and bowling-green, ringed with mountain, moor, and sea; gardens old and new, with much that is a revelation, especially in the old.

Taken for the pictures, the book may be recommended freely, especially to the following people: First of all, to the minor architect, that it may cultivate in him a sense of *mise-en-scene*. Secondly, to people who have no gardens and probably never will have any, especially school-teachers; its charming suggestion of quiet and peaceful leisure being offered to them in the nature of a consolation for their over-crowded days. Thirdly, to those who have gardens. This recommendation is made with the conviction that, as heretofore, those with gardens will get the book, and those without will never see it. Last Summer, a small Italian child who lives on the West Side of Chicago, near Hull House, invited someone there to come and see her garden. She led the way to the court-yard of the house, a space paved with brick, and not describable even by the most slip-shod as being with verdure clad. However — such is youthful resource — in the corner a brick was missing, and in its space she had planted a grain seed obtained from the feed-store next door. Placing her in class two of those I have named, she would undoubtedly enjoy the book — and with equal certainty, it may be said, she will never get it. It is true, however, a logician might consider she had a garden.

A point of interest to democratic America, for whose benefit the gardens are transplanted, may be derived from an analysis of the contents of the volume. Of the sixty-six private grounds described, three belong to dukes, one to a marquess, nine to earls, some half-dozen to baronets, and the rest to commoners, lieutenant-colonels, honorables, and clergy of various degree. This is quite a representative list, and as one turns the pages and passes from Chatsworth, the possession of a duke, to Beaulieu, the residence of a marquess, from this to Porches, the country-seat of a mere earl, condescending even to the homes of baronets (baronets date only from the seventeenth century), and finally sinking through the upper middle classes, in whose direction might one be supposed to break the tenth commandment? In favor of the dukes and marquises and earls? Not at all; the *haute noblesse* do not seem to have much fun. It is not until one is well past the lower baronage, and is burrowing among the commoners, that the gardens one covets become frequent. These plain people have grounds that nestle snugly up to the house with a charming immediateness into which one can step from any door or window. They are also full of the most interesting things — pergolas, for instance, pleached alleys, sundials, yew arbors; while the landscape of the upper peerage has much gravel, many mouldy classic statues, black slaves (a favorite but unsightly form of fountain), bacchic vases, formal gardens, and geometrical flower-beds. The spaces around the great houses all seem (like Hampton Court, for instance, to dangle a well-known example) somewhat cold and bleak, with a remoteness altogether different from the coziness of the "domestic boskage" of the smaller and less stately houses. Of course, when a duke living in an artificial age pays no heed to the satires of Pope, but lays out his demesne in accordance with the artificiality of the time, he does it on a scale of acreage and expenditure which means that his family or successors have this large, ugly thing "for keeps." It is too big and costly to wipe out. With the smaller houses it is different. They can change in a generation, and from generation to generation preserve all that is worthy in tradition, and, like freedom, "broaden down from precedent to precedent." Then you have your present properly backed up by your past, and can rest back comfortably supported by all the ages, instead of having to adjust yourself in a Procrustean manner to the measure of a period pilloried for your discomfort. Such ducal gardens may have an historical value, as giving a sense of a certain age; but the value of gardens is, after all, their value to life and to living, and however it has happened, the smaller closes here illustrated are, on this count, the more valuable. They are the ones to covet, to copy, to possess for the sheer delight in them; and they are, happily, the ones that may be coveted and copied and possessed with impunity. There is so much of consolation in this triumph of the intensive over the extensive, that I feel as though I had achieved almost the whole duty of a critic in pointing it out. GEORGE M. R. TWOSE.

A Group of Nature Books.*

It is a part of the progress of the day that Nature study is coming into prominence in our schemes of education, and, beyond these, is entering into our plans for coveted diversion. It necessarily follows that our press shall do its utmost to provide means, as far as it may, for pursuing this study; and yet it is a real surprise that so large and increasing a number of each season's publications are devoted to the purpose. Above all, it is a surprise to discover the amount of talent, of industry, of patience, and of skill in all directions, that is lavished upon these works which are produced without stint of any sort, to allure and instruct the public. In turning over a collection of the more recent publications in this field, a keen enthusiasm is aroused over their high grade of excellence. Author and bookmaker have united in the noble intent to captivate while they enrich the mind of the reader.

First among those which delight our notice is "The Life of the Bee," by Maurice Maeterlinck. "Pray what is there new to be said of the bee?" we ask ourselves with querying doubt, "and what has this sage philosopher, whose business heretofore has been with questions concerning human life, its intimate objects and its possible future, what has he to do with so small and insignificant a subject?" We open the volume, and are forthwith absorbed in the wonder and beauty of the facts and thoughts he presents. Here is no technical treatise on the builder of the honey-cell. The book strikes out an entirely new line in the narration of a story that has been ably rehearsed, in parts and in the whole, times without number since Swammerdam began the tale in the seventeenth century. It is a mingling of the profound speculations of the seer, the magical visions of the poet, and the cautious conclusions of the man of science. As poet, Maeterlinck deals with bees as

> "The soul of the summer, the clock whose dial records the moments of plenty; they are the untiring wing on which delicate perfumes float; the guide of the quivering light-ray, the song of the slumberous, languid air; and their flight is the token, the sure and melodious note, of all the fragile joys that are born in the heat and dwell in the sunshine. They teach us to tune our ear to the softest, most intimate whisper of these good, natural hours. To him who has known them and loved them, a summer where there are no bees becomes as sad and as empty as one without flowers or birds."

As seer, he remarks that

> "In our endeavor to understand the intellect of the bees, we are studying in them that which is most precious in our own substance: an atom of the extraordinary matter which possesses, wherever it attaches itself, the magnificent power of transfiguring blind necessity, of organizing, embellishing, and multiplying life; and, most striking of all, of holding in suspense the obstinate force of death, and the mighty, irresponsible wave that wraps almost all that exists in an eternal unconsciousness."

As man of science, Maeterlinck proves his right to recognition by his grasp of the knowledge gained by previous observers of the apian tribes, by his own peculiar acquisitions, and by the concise, comprehensive, and uniquely charming method by which he passes it all over to his unlearned reader. In the final chapter on "The Progress of the Race" he uses ingenious argument to show how transition, even in the bee, "is called for from a precarious, egotistic, and incomplete life, to a life that shall be fraternal, a little more certain, a little more happy," and concludes with the reflection that

> "In a world where nothing save a few facts of this kind indicates a precise will, it is significant enough that we should see certain creatures rising thus, slowly and continuously; and should the bees have revealed to us only this mysterious spiral of light in the overpowering darkness, that were enough to induce us not to regret the time we have given to their little gestures and humble habits, which seem so far away and are yet so nearly akin to our grand passions and arrogant destinies."

Again a trite theme is handled in the volume on "Moths and Butterflies," by Mrs. Mary C. Dickerson, and again we are gratified by the

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*The Life of the Bee. By Maurice Maeterlinck. Translated by Alfred Sutro. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.

Moths and Butterflies. By Mary C. Dickerson, B.S. With two hundred Photographs from Life, by the Author. Boston: Ginn & Co.

The Sea-Beach at Ebb-Tide. A Guide to the Study of the Seaweeds and the Lower Animal Life found between Tide-Marks. By Augusta Foote Arnold. With more than six hundred illustrations. New York: The Century Co.

Flowers and Ferns in their Haunts. By Mabel Osgood Wright. With Illustrations from Photographs by the Author and J. Horace McFarland. New York: The Macmillan Co.

With the Wild Flowers, from Pussy Willow to Thistledown. A Rural Chronicle of Our Flower Friends and Foes, describing them under their Familiar English Names. By Maud Going (E. M. Hardinge). New York: The Baker & Taylor Co.

The Lovers of the Woods. By William H. Boardman. New York: McClure, Phillips & Co.

Nature Studies in Berkshire. By John Coleman Adams. With Illustrations from Original Photographs by Arthur Scott. New Popular Edition. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

The Home Life of Wild Birds. A New Method of the Study and Biography of Birds. By Francis Hobart Herrick. With one hundred Original Illustrations from Nature, by the Author. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Mr. Chufes and Miss Jenny. The Life-Story of Two Robins. By Effie Bignell. New York: Baker & Taylor Co.

Everyday Birds. Elementary Studies. By Bradford Torrey. With Twelve Illustrations in Colors after Audubon, and Two from Photographs. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

Bird Portraits. By Ernest Seton-Thompson. With Descriptive Text by Ralph Hoffman. Boston: Ginn & Co.

fresh and engaging form it is made to assume. The intent of the author is to win the interest of the elementary student in entomology, the boy and girl who in the schoolroom or in the summer vacation would penetrate somewhat into the secrets of insect life. The guide who here offers to open out the way reveals rare qualities for the accomplishment of her task. By close investigation in the field, the laboratory, and the library, she has become an adept in the work. So at ease is she by reason of the insight long training has yielded her, we follow on with undeviating trust and admiration. By a clear and connected exposition of the life-history of a few of the most notable of our moths and butterflies, the structure and habits and faculties of this group are made visible almost as though we looked through the eye and the microscope at first-hand. Illustrations of a value equalling the text, clear-cut and original, accompany it all along, throwing light on the minutest details. The book closes with a chapter explaining the relationship of moths and butterflies, their classification and ancestry, and adding complete directions to the novice for collecting and preserving them.

If they who seek recreation at the seaside would but vary the day's conventional round with a little consideration of the marvels of animal and vegetable life that abound on the shores of the unfathomable ocean, life would be a dearer thing then and thereafter for the wholesome and inspiring influences brought into it. Pick up but one bit of weed washed up by the waves, examine it under the magnifying glass, look searchingly but a moment into one of the pools held in the lap of the rocks, and if there lurk an atom of a naturalist's enthusiasm in your temperament you will feel that for an instant the glories of another and upper world have flashed down on you. Then you will possibly cast about for some understanding of the curious things that have been suddenly revealed, the strange, weird, beautiful shapes and movements existing in this unknown realm. For such inquirers, there is enlightenment in a study of "The Sea-Beach at Ebb-Tide," by Mrs. Augusta Foote Arnold. A wide gleaner will he be who descries any of the lower forms of marine life that are not named and classified in this capacious volume. Its descriptions are definite and simple, and the copious and exquisite illustrations lend a valuable aid to the identification of puzzling specimens.

The name alone of Mrs. Mabel Osgood Wright is needed to draw attention to a new book. Praise may be reserved, for the versatile charm of this writer is thoroughly understood. Her love of nature in its varying aspects sets a gentle imagination aglow, and a trail of pleasant light is left on every page her pen passes over. Her latest work, picturing "Flowers and Ferns in Their Haunts," has all the grace of the volumes that have gone before. It is set in the frame of a slender story, the characters of which afford occasion for diversity and individuality of expression. We may believe it to be in the main a transcript of the writer's actual experiences in her search for the wild growths of the field and forest. Every accessory was present to make these experiences a pure source of joy and of health, and so vividly are they reported that the reader shares in them to the fullest extent. Full-page plates of surpassing beauty, veritable leaves from the book of nature, are scattered with a profuse hand through the volume; while a multitude of delicate drawings inserted in the text are equally true to life, having been traced directly over original photographs.

An amiable companion to Mrs. Wright's volume is one which travels "With the Wild Flowers from Pussy Willow to Thistle-down," by Maud Going (E. M. Hardinge). This work first made its appearance seven years ago, but its contents are still fresh in interest. They have a vital quality, and by careful revision are infused with the vigor and the aptness that befit the present hour. With much spirit and no little tact, a succession of the best-loved flowers that adorn the months from March to October are marshalled into line, and their distinctive features pointed out for our easier recognition, our deeper-seated admiration. Mrs. Hardinge's discourse is based upon a genuine knowledge of botany, and is ornamented with the refinements of a picturesque and fluent diction.

The "Lovers of the Woods" who slip the handy volume bearing that title into their pocket for reading in a quiet hour will serve themselves acceptably. The author, Mr. William H. Boardman, has pressed into it much of the true essence of woodcraft, the fragrance of which is so grateful to the appreciative. The woods of which he writes are not located. Woods are woods, as he rightly indicates, anywhere from Canada to either coast; and "all the exquisite refinements and amusements of the most highly civilized spot on earth can do no more" to secure him comfort who enters their precincts with a reasonably expectant spirit. "Absolute comfort for body and mind," he

adds, "is perhaps not the keenest enjoyment, but it is worth working for, and it can be had in the woods." It was to restore impaired health, we infer, that Mr. Boardman took up for a time the pursuits of a woodsman, cheerily dispensing with the helps and diversions of society and relying upon himself for the provision of the chief necessaries for the support of life. He learned the art from a past-master of woodcraft, and with good sense and high courage was at once an apt scholar. He has little direct communication with his reader, but through speech with his guide and an occasional chance comrade he betrays the fact that he is a man of culture, and addicted to pithy reflections. "I 'd been careless," he makes a forest comrade say, "and carelessness is the worst fault a man can have, except lyin' about what he 's done."

All that can be done by artist and artisan to perfect the externals of a volume has been done for the collection of "Nature Studies in Berkshire," by Mr. John Coleman Adams. The present is a new edition of the work which was fresh from the press two years ago. The price has been reduced one half, and still the book may be pronounced a *volume de luxe*, with its wealth of photogravures that deserve the rank of works of art from their skilful choice of subject and their delicacy and finish of execution; and, with these, the harmonious details of print, paper, and binding. The text is the effusion of a poetic soul stirred by the romantic scenery of the Berkshire hills. One who has not fallen under the spell of the landscape in Northwestern Massachusetts might deem it a rhapsody; yet no one can doubt it is the honest, as it is the impassioned, record of moods excited by rare passages of beauty in earth and sky. The trees, the brooks, the meadow lands, and the hillsides, with the drifting clouds and the floods of summer sunshine, are alike beloved by the writer, who paints their changing pageantry with sincere fervor.

The camera has introduced a new and fruitful factor into the study of natural history. We are only beginning to test its usefulness, and yet the results already attained show the boundless possibilities of the instrument in the extension of accurate knowledge of the habits and the haunts of animals and plants with which there has been hitherto an obscure or misleading acquaintance. The ornithologist has been active in improving the opportunities the camera suggests; but the one who at the present hour has accomplished the most interesting feats by means of it is Mr. Francis Hobart Herrick, who has just given to the world his experience in photographing the "Home Life of Wild Birds." It is safe to say his account furnishes a greater body of fresh and trustworthy facts regarding the behavior of birds in the nesting season than has been offered in any single publication for a considerable time. Mr. Herrick's brilliant performance consists in bringing "the mountain to Mahomet," or, in plain words, in bringing a nest that is hidden by impenetrable foliage in a tree or on the ground, out into the open where the eye of the camera can peer into it without obstruction. In the last two summers he has thus placed under easy view twenty-six nests belonging to fifteen different species of birds. For example, a cedar-bird has built its home in a pine tree forty feet or more above the ground. The branch on which it rests is severed from the tree and fastened upon two stakes in an open field, four feet above the ground, and perhaps fifty feet away from its original site. Care is taken to effect this change of location when the parental instinct is strongest — that is, when the young are from four to nine days old. The parents are at first bewildered and alarmed; but the cries of their offspring lure them to the new situation, and soon they are feeding the chicks with their usual frequency and freedom of manner. A small green tent is now set up close to the nest, and in this concealment the observer watches the birds and photographs their every movement. It was Mr. Herrick's custom to spend the hours from nine o'clock in the morning to three in the afternoon, daily, within the tent (usually within a foot and a half of the nest), using pencil and notebook and camera in swift and exact report of every attitude and event affecting the parents and young. This patient and industrious study was pursued until the fledglings were able to take wing and depart finally from the scene. The data gathered in such favorable circumstances could not fail to be rich in novelty and value. Mr. Herrick's relation of the incidents observed is supplemented by a series of reprints of his photographs, which furnish much fresh evidence pertaining to the history of birds in the most important period of their lives.

A life of five years of unalloyed happiness was the lot of "Mr. Chupes and Miss Jenny" in the loving care of their gentle mistress (Miss Effie Bignell) living in a college town in New Jersey. Mr. Chupes had fallen out of

the nest in the early pinfeather stage, and, despite the cries of mother robin and his own vigorous protest, was made captive and transferred to a human habitation. It was a short time before he was quite at home in the new surroundings, and though allowed later the liberty of sallies out of doors, his affection for his mistress had quenched the natural thirst for freedom. In the autumn a companion of his own kind was found in the person of Miss Jenny, a neglected, caged prisoner, discovered in a baker's den. How the two throve, how intelligent they proved, what individuality each possessed, and what endearing traits they disclosed, is told in a way that could scarcely be bettered. It is likely to make the warm-hearted sigh for a pair of pet robins, yet there are penalties to be paid for such particular privileges, and it is quite as well, as a rule, to enjoy them in another's experience, as Miss Bignell has permitted her readers to do.

One comes into quick communion with Bradford Torrey in any piece of writing, however sketchy, he affixes his name to. The element of personality is so strong in his utterances that he appears to be actually present in the fashioning of his sentences. It is difficult to understand why this is so — perhaps because what he says comes so directly and frankly from the heart, making itself felt as an exact representation of a true and simple selfhood. Add to this an indefinable literary charm, and his popularity as a writer is accounted for. His latest book contains a score of short talks about our "Everyday Birds," which one is likely to meet in any ramble along country roads. The work is announced as of an elementary nature, prepared especially for children; but one need not be dwelling in the period of adolescence to enjoy it from cover to cover. A notable feature of the book is the reproduction of twelve colored plates from Audubon.

Twenty "Bird Portraits" by Ernest Seton-Thompson are sufficient of themselves to give distinction to a volume. These portraits have a vigor, a boldness, a certainty in the handling and a lifelike character which command instant consideration. They are allowed ample space in the volume, and are set in landscapes which give them an imposing effect. The descriptive text, by Ralph Hoffman, is of secondary importance. So eloquently do the pictures delineate the separate features of the bird, the dominant traits in its character and environment, they can afford to dispense altogether with explanatory comment. SARA A. HUBBARD.

SOME RECENT BOOKS OF SPORT.*

Mr. Henry P. Wells may not be as "contemplative" a man or as bewitching a writer as was Izaak Walton, but he is certainly a fisherman of far more skill and experience — for, as is now admitted, honest Izaak was but an incomplete angler after all, and not to be mentioned, in point of piscatorial learning, with his "most honored friend, Charles Cotton, Esq." But Mr. Wells certainly knows all that the most ambitious mortal need know about fishing, and his book on "Fly-Rods and Fly-Tackle" is an encyclopædia in its kind. Fishermen need scarcely be told that the book has for nine years or so been perhaps *the* authority on its subject. They will at all events be glad to know that a new edition of it, revised, supplemented, and partly re-written, is now ready. How exact a man the author is, how honorably ambitious to add something to the sum of human knowledge, may be gathered from his account of a projected experiment (which we trust will one day be carried out) through which it was proposed to learn precisely "how lines, leaders, and flies appeared to trout under the varying conditions of light and water which confront the angler when rod in hand." Mr. Wells goes on to say:

> "My plan was to procure a diver's outfit, together with the necessary skilled assistance, and at various depths beneath the surface of the water, and over light and dark colored bottoms, and in sunshine and shadow, myself impersonate a fish while a friend angled for me, as it were. Thus, and with the aid of telephonic communication and a stenographer, I hoped in two or three weeks' time to make quite an impression on the problem."

The above "experiment" — Mr. Wells impersonating a fish and angled for by his friend, with full telephonic apparatus and a shorthand reporter on the bank — would certainly be worth going miles to see, and public notice of its occurrence ought to be given.

* FLY-RODS AND FLY-TACKLE: Suggestions as to their Manufacture and Use. By Henry P. Wells. Revised and enlarged edition; illustrated. New York: Harper & Brothers.

PRACTICAL GOLF. By Walter J. Travis. Illustrated. New York: Harper & Brothers.

THE SWORD AND THE CENTURIES; or, Old Sword Days and Old Sword Ways: Being a Description of the Various Swords Used in Civilized Europe during the Last Five Centuries, and of Single Combats Fought with Them. By Alfred Hutton, F.S.A.; with Introductory Remarks by Captain Cyril G. R. Matthey. With Illustrations. New York: Imported by Charles Scribner's Sons.

THE ART OF REVOLVER SHOOTING. By Walter Winans. Illustrated in photogravure, etc. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

THE WOMAN'S BOOK OF SPORTS: A Practical Guide to Physical Development and Outdoor Recreation. By J. Parmly Paret. Illustrated. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

Mr. Wells's book, as its title imports, is largely devoted to the description and discussion of the angler's tools and tackle. He tells us how hooks, rods, reels, lines, flies, and so forth, are made, and lays down the principles that ought to govern us in our choice of them. There is a chapter on "Repairs," and one of "Miscellaneous Suggestions." "Casting the Fly" and "Flies and Fly-fishing" are separately and instructively treated. The text is pretty plentifully sprinkled with cuts of the right sort — that is to say, of the purely illustrative and useful sort, — and the frontispiece shows Mr. Wells himself, rod in hand, "attending of his trembling quill," and pleasantly conscious of "a bite." No angler, however experienced, need fancy that he can find nothing new in this suggestive (and not too big) book. But it is addressed chiefly to beginners, and contains mainly, the author says, such information as he would himself have most thankfully received during his novitiate.

The advent of the golfing season brings with it a boon to the novice and to the player of average accomplishment, in the shape of a manual on "Practical Golf" by Mr. Walter J. Travis. Mr. Travis's name is, of course, a power on American links. He is not only a past-master of the manual dexterities of the great game, but a student of its theoretical principles as well. Your average "professional" is usually a man of fine physical equipment, who plays largely by rule-of-thumb, trusting for results to the skill of practice; one who can show you promptly in any given case how the thing ought to be done, but if pushed by the inquisitive tyro as to *why* it should be done in precisely that way and no other is often brought to a standstill. Not so Mr. Travis. He has thought the game out. He can tell you why, if a stroke be played so or so, under a given set of conditions, it must theoretically be followed by such or such results. Mr. Travis, in short, is a rational or reasoning golfer, who plays an intelligent and intelligible game. He is therefore well qualified to teach, and his book shows the due blending of matters of theory and practice. Ample and convincing directions are given as to stance and grip, the swing, putting, approaching, the choice of clubs, the construction of courses, handicapping, etc. In an appendix one finds the Rules of Golf, Special Rules for Stroke Competitions, a Glossary of Technical Terms, and so on. Mr. Travis being, like Sarah Battle of immortal memory, a stickler for the "rigor of the game," appends also those decent conventions known as the "Etiquette of Golf," which, he adds, "shall be as binding upon players as the other Rules of the game." The text is supplemented by many instantaneous photographs showing Mr. Travis in a variety of contingencies doing the thing as it ought to be done. The book is actually instructive, and no golfer who means to master the game should overlook it.

In "an age of ell-wands and unjust balances," as Carlyle genially called our trading and money-getting times, the art of swordsmanship is fallen in abeyance. The trick of fence is forgotten. The good knights are dust, their swords are rust; and if your neighbor offend you, you have him up in court, instead of pinking him, in a manful and chivalrous way, through the midriff. Some high-spirited Tybalts there are whose tastes revert fondly to the days of the duello, who make a cult of the sword, and would gladly refer their disputes to the issue of the wager of battle, were it not for the unpleasant consequences attached by a huckstering and prosaic age to even such gentlemanlike breaches of the peace. Such a fine, mediæval soul, we take it, is Captain Alfred Hutton, late of the King's Dragoon Guards, and author of the handsome volume now before us, entitled "The Sword and the Centuries." The portrait of the author prefixed to the volume, showing a keen, D'Artagnan-like visage, with hawk's eye, and waxed, up-turned moustachios, bears out our impression of his character. Captain Hutton has already published several other books on the weapon he so affects, notably "Cold Steel" and "Old Sword-Play," both of them works of authority in their field. One might think that he had by now pretty well exhausted his subject, if not his enthusiasm; but in the present volume we see how much freshness may be imported into a well-threshed theme, if only the writer changes his point of view of it. Captain Hutton is still, as before, the historian and eulogist of the sword; but his method now is, while recounting the story of the development and manipulation of the weapon, to instruct his reader and enliven his narrative by casting the latter mainly in the form of a chronological account of notable encounters exemplifying the practice of swordsmanship, from the Age of Chivalry when great lords jousted at the barriers beneath the approving eyes of beauty and royalty, down to the days of Figg and Sutton *(arcades ambo)* when prize-fighters slashed and maimed each other for the amusement of the assembled

brutes, titled and other, at Hockley-in-the-Hole (frequented by Pepys) and Mary-le-bone. Captain Hutton's book, in fine, may be fairly characterized as a description, from a most competent and sympathetic pen, of the various swords used in civilized Europe during the past five centuries, and of notable and typical single combats which have been fought with them. The volume is suitably and attractively illustrated.

While Captain Hutton's hobby is the sword, that of Mr. Walter Winans is the revolver. Captain Hutton wants us all, for our health's sake, to learn to fence; Mr. Winans, on much the same grounds, wants us all to learn to shoot. The Captain, on the whole, seems to have the better of the case, since public longevity would hardly be promoted were everybody to take to peppering at a mark with a revolver. But be that as it may, there is no question that Mr. Winans's sumptuous book on "The Art of Revolver Shooting" is a complete and authoritative manual which amply supplies the want of a work of the sort. Mr. Winans's book is virtually first in its field, and it is not likely soon to have a rival. The author is, as every sportsman knows, the champion revolver-shot of Great Britain — an "artist," in fact, second only to the incomparable Chevalier Ira Paine, whose recent death deprived the world of a man who could do things with a revolver which must have given him an ill repute in the days when the black art flourished. In Mr. Winans he has found a worthy successor. As a pistol-shot Mr. Winans began early — as a small child in frocks, in fact, when, in lieu of a rattle, he had a pistol of the French Flobert variety, with which he used to shoot at paper targets, "snuff" candles, knock over tin soldiers, and so on. The child was father of the man, and Mr. Winans (now well along in years) has been popping away strenuously at a target ever since, bent on scoring as many bull's-eyes as possible, and wasting no care on the minor concerns of life. Happy he who has a hobby, be it ever so small a one, and the time and means to ride it.

Mr. Winans's book is meant primarily to instruct, and he begins at the elements of his "art." The evolution of the revolver is sketched, after which the learner is told how to select, handle, and take care of the weapon. Special chapters are devoted to the Bisley rules and competitions, to practice and training, to gallery shooting, stage shooting, trick shooting, game shooting, pigeon shooting, to shooting from a bicycle, and what not. In short, about every question likely to be asked touching the uses of the revolver is replied to clearly and authoritatively in this exhaustive book. We are glad to note that the folly of that large and jocular class of persons who can never see a pistol lying about without picking it up and pointing it at you, and who appear later at the coroner's inquest with the old "didn't-know-it-was-loaded" plea, is attended to by Mr. Winans, who of course (his home being a sort of arsenal) has had some narrow escapes from it. Mr. Winans thus relates how he once left a revolver lying on the table in his Bisley tent:

> "Some visitors dropped in, one by one, to lunch. First came an elderly lady. She sat down near the table; her eye fell upon the revolver. She instantly snatched it up with a laugh, and pointed it at me with, 'I'll shoot you!' I made her put it down, and was explaining to her how injudicious it was to point a revolver at anyone, how it might have been loaded, etc., when in came a parson. He sat down and began talking pleasantly. Presently his eye caught sight of the revolver. Grabbing it, he shouted: 'Now I'll shoot you!' and pointed it at me, roaring with laughter. I locked up that revolver."

Mr. Winans's book is profusely and attractively illustrated, and is an alluring one outwardly even for those who care little for its theme.

"The Woman's Book of Sports" is a pretty and practical little publication, which the amateur sportswoman will do well to slip in her satchel when she goes for her summer's outing. The elementary features and principles of the outdoor games most affected by the gentler sex are clearly and attractively set forth, but the distinctive feature of the book is its treatment, from the woman's point of view, of sports generally supposed to be reserved for, or mainly enjoyed by, men — namely, football, baseball, yacht-racing, rowing, athletics, and so on. Technical terms are explained, and the main points of each sport made clear. The chapter on yachting has been especially prepared with an eye to the coming contest for the America's Cup, so that the reader may fully understand and enjoy the accounts of the race, or the race itself if she be fortunate enough to witness it. The chapters on Golf and Tennis are rudimentary, and the novice will find them useful. The book is well described as a practical guide by a practical writer for the amateur sportswoman. It is illustrated with full-page pictures appropriate to the text.

EDWARD GILPIN JOHNSON.

Recent Books of Travel.*

The extent to which modern methods of illustration has developed finds no better proof than in recent books of travel. A few years ago the traveller was obliged to supply his own sketches, or let his book go forth with nothing more intimately descriptive than its text. To-day there is no journeying without a camera, and the aspects of the remotest regions are made familiar even to the child who cannot read. But it is this growing familiarity with the world as a whole which is, after all, the most wonderful thing. If the armies and navies of Christendom stand ready to seek out a new spot on the globe that they may devour it, the traveller blazes the way for the more peaceful ministrations of commerce. Through him the consciousness of universal humanity which must spring into universal charity with increased knowledge becomes ours, and the opportunity is given for the real illumination of the darkest spots on the earth's surface.

The recent sending forth of emissaries from French, Canadian, and American newspapers to prove just how quick a girdle may be put around the earth, gives more than ordinary value to the Rev. Dr. Francis E. Clark's "A New Way Around an Old World." One of the first of civilians, if not the very first, to avail himself of the possibilities of Russia's new Trans-Siberian railway, the outbreak of hostilities in China made the road unavailable except for military purposes immediately after he had crossed into Europe. Dr. Clark is the President of the United Society of Christian Endeavor, and his official presence was required in China and Japan and, later, in England. He arrived in Vladivostock on May 1, 1900, just as the advancing season released the Amur River from ice and made the journey across Siberia by steamboat and rail then possible for the first time. He notes that the forging of this link makes a circuit about 22,000 miles long around the earth, all within the north temperate zone, 9,000 miles of this journey being by sea and 13,000 by land and river. The book is unpretentiously written, intensely sympathetic with Russia, and rather remarkable for a calm incidental denial of all rights and virtues to the Chinese.

In abrupt contrast with Dr. Clark's superficial praise of Russia, based upon what could be seen from a car window or the deck of a river boat, are the observations of Mr. J. Stadling in his "Through Siberia." Well known as a traveller and sociologist in his own country (Sweden), and long a student of Russia and its affairs, he undertook the exploration of the Siberian coast line on behalf of the Swedish Anthropological and Geographical Society, of which Baron Nordenskjöld was then the chairman, having for his chief incentive to this task the hope of finding some trace of the unfortunate Andrée, his former associate. Mr. Stadling left St. Petersburg on May 1, 1898, reaching Schigàlova on the upper Lena four weeks later. Thence he took boat for the mouth of the Lena, 3,000 miles distant, intending to go overland by sledges to the Lower Yenesei. At Kangelak, an island in the Lena delta, the explorer was frozen in, within a short distance of the spot where the lamented crew of the "Jeannette" met their fate. Eventually he was able to make good his original plan, sledging across the tundra to the Anabar, to the Katanga, and over the Tamyr peninsula to the Yenesei, which was ascended in sledges over the ice, eventually reaching civilization, after a journey of 15,500 miles, at the close of the year 1898. The realities of Russian maladministration, especially in reference to the convict system, are prominent upon Mr. Stadling's pages. Everywhere there is officialism and failure, with an appalling preponderance of crimes of violence. Among the natives of Asiatic Siberia the Russian influence has been even more

*A New Way Around an Old World. By the Rev. Francis E. Clark, D.D. Illustrated. New York: Harper & Brothers.

Through Siberia. By J. Stadling. Edited by F. H. H. Guillemard, M.A. Illustrated. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

Mount Omi and Beyond: A Record of Travel on the Thibetan Border. By Archibald John Little. Illustrated. New York: F. A. Stokes Co.

A Year in China, 1899-1900. By Clive Bigham, C.M.G. Illustrated. New York: The Macmillan Co.

Japanese Plays and Playfellows. By Osman Edwards. Illustrated. New York: John Lane.

Sands of Sahara. By Maxwell Sommerville. Illustrated. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co.

The Land of the Moor: A Comprehensive Description. By Budgett Meakin. Illustrated. New York: The Macmillan Co.

Abyssinia: Through the Lion-Land to the Court of the Lion of Judah. By Herbert Vivian, M.A. Illustrated. New York: Longmans, Green, & Co.

The Siege of Kumassi. By Lady Hodgson. Illustrated. New York: Longmans, Green, & Co.

Side Lights on the March: The Experiences of an American Journalist in South Africa. By H. F. Mackern. Illustrated. London: John Murray.

In Tuscany: Tuscan Towns, Tuscan Types, and the Tuscan Tongue. By Montgomery Carmichael. Illustrated. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

Highways and Byways in East Anglia. By William A. Dutt. With illustrations by Joseph Pennell. New York: The Macmillan Co.

Where Black Rules White: A Journey across and about Hayti. By Hesketh Prichard. Illustrated. New York: Imported by Charles Scribner's Sons.

The Children of the Nations: A Study of Colonization and its Problems. By Poultney Bigelow, M.A. New York: McClure, Phillips & Co.

The Bolivian Andes: A Record of Climbing and Exploration in the Cordillera Real in the Years 1898 and 1900. By Sir Martin Conway. Illustrated. New York: Harper & Brothers.

Mexico City: An Idler's Note-Book. By Olive Percival. Illustrated. Chicago: Herbert S. Stone & Co.

To the Pacific and Mexico. By A. K. McClure, LL.D. Illustrated. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co.

The Niagara Book. By W. D. Howells, Mark Twain, Nathaniel S. Shaler, and others. Illustrated. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.

demoralizing, the exactions of the authorities having forced the unhappy people, in more instances than one, into cannibalism. The story is vividly told, and in convincing detail.

Chungking, commercial metropolis of the Chinese province of Szechuan, lies 1,500 miles from the mouth of the Yangtzekiang, thus affording Mr. Archibald Little a favorable starting-point for the walking-tour he describes in his "Mount Omi and Beyond." He began his journey on July 7, 1892, and covered 1,300 miles in eighty days at a total cost of about two hundred and fifty dollars, a considerable portion of the expense being incurred for the carriage of the cumbrous copper or silver currency which he was compelled to use. Three weeks brought the pedestrian to the sacred mountain of the Buddhists, and his adventures there, while the priests were soliciting contributions in quite the manner known at home, are told with great good-nature and vivacity. He entered Thibet near Ta Chien Lu, on the last day of August, after skirting the Snowy Mountains; he remarks on the limpid beauty of the stream that runs through the town, and adds, "Curious that the pollution of water, which is a sin against religion nearly throughout Asia, should be a matter of sublime indifference in 'enlightened' Europe and especially in England." In this region he found both Chinese and Thibetan Buddhist temples, the contrast being unfortunate for the Lamas, whose gloomy creed seemed to have made little impression on their merry followers, intercourse with whom Mr. Little enjoyed greatly. Taking another tour over the same ground some years after, he observes:

"It is sad to one who, like myself, travelled in the province ten years ago, before this influx [of missionary bodies], to note the difference. Then I never heard an uncivil word; now one is constantly jeered at by the rabble, and a favorite amusement of the small boys in the villages around Chungking is to draw crosses in the path, hoping that the advancing pedestrian may not dare to tread on them. The erection by the missions in Chungking, in conspicuous sites, of strange-looking buildings, which interfere with the so strongly implanted *fungshui* superstitions of the natives, was one of the main causes of the Chungking riots of 1886. Whatever be the cause, the temper of the people is entirely changed for the worse."

Mr. Clive Bigham's former books of travel, and his known experience as an *attaché* of the British embassies at St. Petersburg, Constantinople, and, until recently, at Peking, give his "Year in China, 1899–1900" more than ordinary title to consideration. Throughout this work may be read the broad sympathies of a man of the world, his earlier training as a soldier leaving him not without consideration for an enemy in the field. He was present at the advance upon Peking known as "the Admiral's Expedition," describing one of the Boxer attacks upon the allies as follows:

"They came on us in a ragged line, advancing at the double from a village some quarter of a mile to the left flank. Not more than a couple of hundred, armed with swords, spears, gingalls, and rifles, many of them being quite boys. To anyone who had been some little time in China it was an almost incredible sight, for there was no sign of fear or hesitation, and these were not fanatical 'braves,' or the trained soldiers of the Empress, but the quiet, peace-loving peasantry — the countryside in arms against the foreigner. As they approached they dropped on their knees, lifting up their hands to heaven to invoke the God of War, the chief of their Boxer freemasonry. Then they charged until they dropped again as our volleys began to tell. In twenty minutes they were in full retreat, leaving some sixty dead on the field."

Mr. Bigham announces his intention to avoid political questions, and his book is a cheerfully written description of his journey from Canton to Hankow, to Peking, through Manchuria and eastern Siberia, through the Korean littoral to Seoul, up the Yangtzekiang to western Szechuan and down the river again to Tientsin and Port Arthur, the book concluding with a brief survey of the fighting around Peking, the campaign on the Amur conducted by the Russians, and the journey back to Europe over the Trans-Siberian railway. One of the general conclusions of the volume deserves citation:

"The European in considering the Chinese character should recollect that the Aryan and the Yellow races are physically and mentally distinct. What would appear truth and reason to one often seems folly and lies to the other. Our ideas of history, of ethics, of domestic life, and even our logic and system of reasoning, frequently run quite counter to what the Chinaman respects and believes. And our victories do not by any means convince him that he is wrong and that we are right. One should therefore guard against getting a wrong perspective of China and of its people by endeavoring to apply to them European standards of comparison."

"Japanese Plays and Playfellows" is written by Mr. Osman Edwards after six months' sojourn in Japan, and is most entertaining, though necessarily superficial in its account of the native theatre, with which most of the book is concerned. However, superficial as it is, it has the merit of being told at first-hand, from personal observation and intimate conversations with native actors. The author discusses the religious drama, still in the condition of the mediæval miracle-play of Europe, and shows the difference between that and the delicate art of Mr. Obojiro Kawakami and Mme. Sada Yacco, this latter the first of her countryfolk to lay off the Elizabethan convention which denies women appearance on the stage. There is an entertaining little conversation reported with the celebrated Ichikawa Danjuro, who represents the classic tradition of the Japanese stage, one question and answer reading thus:

"'How is it you have avoided the master-passion of our London actors to become an actor-manager?'

"'I think a manager must be sorely tempted to put money first and art second. I often advise authors to make certain alterations in the play for which I am engaged, but the responsibility of entire management would distract me from the purely artistic aspect of representation.'"

A much-needed explanation is made of the position of the *geisha*, and a chapter is devoted to the most striking phase of Japanese social morality, in which Mr. Edwards displays a sympathy as illuminating as it is rare. The book is one of real importance, being illustrated by twelve pictures in color by Japanese artists, delicious in design and execution.

"Sands of Sahara" is the appropriate title given by Mr. Maxwell Sommerville, Professor of Glyptology in the University of Pennsylvania, to a somewhat formal account of a journey from Syracuse to Algiers, and thence through Algeria, Tunis, and Tripoli, by way of Lambessa, Touggourt, and Temacin. The book, while addressed to the simplest comprehension and rather didactic in tone, contains excellent descriptions of the Roman city of Thimgad and of the various tribes of Kabyles and Bedouins met on the expedition, with many curious instances of superstitions brought forward by the traveller's quest for amulets among the natives. It is beautified by reproductions of photographs, which have all the charm of finished pictures from an artist's hand.

A number of books concerning Morocco have been written by Mr. Budgett Meakin, and these are now followed by "The Land of the Moors" from the same hand. Like ancient Gaul, the book is divided into three parts, the first devoted to the natural and physical characteristics of northwestern Africa, the second to the political aspects of its various divisions, while the last, under the head of "Experimental," contains accounts of journeys made through the territory discussed in the earlier part of the volume. The eighty-three illustrations from photographs are augmented by a map, the details of which are fully authenticated, leaving great areas as little known as any portion of the earth's surface. One of the curiosities of geography is embodied in the author's search for Miltsin, a mountain described early in the last century by an explorer, but now seemingly lost beyond the power of recovery. Mr. Meakin's bicycle tour is described with much humor, one of the dialogues between the rider and an onlooker reading thus:

"'But what sort of beast are you riding? We thought it must be "a drinker of wind,"' — whereby is denoted a certain fleet camel used on the desert, seldom seen now in Morocco.

"'Why, dear no; it 's only a mule, a Nazarene mule, you know,' — for everything outside Morocco is either called Roman or Nazarene.

"'You don't mean to say so! How do you breed them?'

"'Well, you can see for yourself from its speed that its mother must have been a gazelle, and from these round parts and iron that its father must have been a reaping-hook.'

"A moment's stare while trying to realize whether this could be the truth or not, and out they burst in a hearty laugh, for the Moors do enjoy a joke, and this was one which specially appealed to them, so to every new-comer it was repeated as fact in most solemn tones."

The humor which is incidental in Mr. Meakin's work is dominant throughout Mr. Herbert Vivian's "Abyssinia." This is the third book of travel from this entertaining hand, and it is to be hoped that anyone who can extract so much amusement from sojourning in strange parts and share it so delightfully with his readers may long be spared to wander over the least-known parts of the earth. Mr. Vivian was long enough in the land of Prester John to reach the capital from Aden by way of British Somaliland, to interview King Menelik, and return by the way he came. He prefaces his narrative of travel with a brief historical account of the Lion-Land, which unwittingly suggests a paraphrase of the freshman's answer, "As I understand the subject of Abyssinia, it is a subject which is not well understood." He has a number of political conclusions to draw, most of which are to the effect that England was wrong in surrendering any territory to the Abyssinians. His portrait of the King is well done:

"He wore clean bright blue woolen socks and new tennis shoes of a common kind, with the tongues hanging out and no laces. Over close-fitting white linen knickerbockers came a loose garment of handsome green and gold striped silk. It had long, tight sleeves buttoned at the wrists, and when he moved his legs I saw that the garment was lined with common calico. Under it he wore a white shamma with a red embroidered line near the edge, and over everything a black silk cloak with gold embroidery and small gilt buttons. On his head was a big grey felt hat with a high crown and broad brim. In his left ear was a diamond solitaire earring, about the size of a threepenny-bit and set in gold. This is worn in evidence of his having killed elephants, and only the royal family are permitted to wear gold in any form. . . .

"His face is not so much marked with smallpox as I had been led to expect. He is darker than the average Abyssinian, but his features are not those of a negro. His mouth, however, is quite negroid, and his thick lips wear an incessant grin, displaying large, very white teeth set loosely together. His small brown eyes wore an expression of fatigue, and what should be the whites of them were yellow. His forehead is narrow, but the upper part of his face appears to have much character and kindliness. His beard and whiskers are very close and curly, and inclined to be grey. His voice is soft and rather oily, without any vestige of the usual Abyssinian squeak. He speaks very deliberately, showing his teeth and tongue and wagging his head a good deal. He makes no gesticulations with his hands, except that he sometimes puts his finger-tips together. On the whole I should describe his as rather an ecclesiastical manner."

While Great Britain was occupied with the burghers in South Africa, in the spring of 1900, the Ashantis took occasion to make a bold strike for independence, bursting into hostilities while the British executive, Sir Frederic Hodgson, K.C.M.G., Governor of the Gold Coast, was holding a "palaver" with the native kings at Kumassi — formerly spelled Coomassie. The attack was wholly unexpected and hardly prepared for, the Governor having taken his

wife with him on the journey. It is Lady Hodgson who now writes an account of the beginning of the war, calling it "The Siege of Kumassi," from the principal episode in it. The story is told with great spirit and simplicity. Lady Hodgson describes what she saw, her husband having made it his rule never to discuss political aspects of his duties with her, and her book is lacking in any account of the manner in which the revolt was finally crushed. Throughout the book there is calm and tacit denial of any right on the part of the Ashantis to govern and rule themselves, and instances of barbaric savagery to justify the British conquest are cited — though it seems to be true that the presence of the English has led to greater bloodshed than was ever known in the land before their coming. The siege of Kumassi began on April 25, 1900; Governor Hodgson and his wife left it in possession of a small English force on June 23; and the siege was finally raised a few days later. Thirty-three Europeans, 720 Hausa (native) soldiers, and several thousand refugees were beleagured by many thousands of Ashantis, many of them well armed. The journey back to the coast was a most arduous one, and many deaths resulted from the progress through a hostile land. After concluding her story of her own adventures, Lady Hodgson adds a chapter or two on the condition of the capital of the colony. So much has been written recently about the lack of capacity for improvement in the negro that a word from her may be quoted:

"I have met some charming [black] African ladies, and am glad to say that in my ten years' experience of the Gold Coast each year improves the position of women, and to-day they — I am speaking of educated women — are not the slaves to their husbands that they were a few years ago. It has been most interesting to watch the growth and civilization of the community, and it really seems marvellous how Accra has advanced in the last few years, even in the matter of entertainments."

Though "Side Lights on the March," Mr. H. F. Mackern's contribution to the history of the war in South Africa, is not strictly a book of travel, it may be classed with the book preceding and with the later chapters of Mr. Clive Bigham's work, being rather impressions received by a stranger and onlooker than a detailed narrative of hostilities. Mr. Mackern is an American from New York, whose point of view is best told by himself in discussing the ardent admiration conceived for the United States by the British when they found the world against them in their conquest of the two Republics. Noting the enthusiastic twining together of the Union Jack and the Stars and Stripes, he adds:

"Such proofs should be most gratifying to those of us who are broad-minded enough to grasp their true meaning, to those who think for themselves, and are not influenced by sensation-seeking editors or gallery-talking politicians; even though some of the latter have poured out their eloquence in Congress, while lacking absolutely a clear understanding of the actual state of affairs in South Africa, which forced Britain into a war which she would rather have averted.

"But the public will not be fooled by these statesmen who are ever on the look-out to work on the susceptibilities of the ignorant. The men found pleading for the Boers are those who wanted to recognize the so-called Cuban Republic, even when the combined United States Army and Navy were not able to locate it; the same patriots who, by their absurd notion of justice (to call it nothing worse) encouraged the Philipinos to shoot down our boys, and for the sake of such cheap notoriety as they can get, are willing at any time to embarrass the government."

Though this would seem to indicate that Mr. Mackern needs the experience of travel in America and acquaintance with the history of this country more than anything else, his book will not be found lacking in a certain charm. He celebrates the war-correspondents in South Africa, more than a third of whom, he notes, were killed or incapacitated in the discharge of their duties. He was with General French at Rensburg, and saw the British flag raised over Bloemfontein and Pretoria. He has nothing but praise for the British, even to the point of stating that "Any remarks that may seem to be criticisms are not intended as such." Altogether the narrative is an excellent specimen of the work of a person unknown in our history for more than a century — the American Tory.

Worlds away from this Anglicized American in sympathy for the inhabitants of a foreign land, Mr. Montgomery Carmichael has successfully interpreted for his readers the realities and idealities of no small portion of Italy in his charming book, "In Tuscany." He feels at liberty to set forth differences not less than resemblances in national characteristics; but he nowhere insists that failure to comply with British requirements constitutes inferiority, and in more cases than one he actually conveys the impression that English-speaking people can learn much to their advantage from the Italian-speaking peoples. What he calls "the conclusion of the whole matter" is worth giving in full:

"With all his faults, in spite of all the difficulty we have in comprehending his character, in spite of contradictions, complexities, and crudities, the Tuscan is perhaps the most charming of all the children of Adam, just as his country, in spite of all its drawbacks, in spite of fierce heat, damp, scirocco, tramontana, mosquitoes, and all the plagues of a vexatious bureaucracy, is more nearly like the Promised Land than any other. But to live in that enchanted land and dwell among its siren people needs an apprenticeship not easy to serve, and many a Philistine from beyond Jordan cancels his articles early in the apprenticeship and flees the country in affright or disgust. It is often only after years of hard service, constant uneasiness, and continual perplexity, that the stranger sojourning in the land awakens one day to find that he is dwelling in Eden, and sees on all sides of him, living in the flesh and working in the spirit, characters and ideals which had dimly figured among the dreams he dreamt in the far-off days of his generous, romantic boyhood."

It may readily be conjectured that the charm and glory of Tuscany is transferred to Mr. Carmichael's pages. He has been content to let others tell of

the obvious things, while he dwells on matters which until now have hardly been disclosed to us. The result is a book to keep, for its freshness of spirit and interest make it worth reading more than once.

Without defining with scientific exactness the boundaries of the delightful country of which he speaks, Mr. William A. Dutt makes the "Highways and Byways of East Anglia" very real to a dweller in a distant land, his pleasant text being interpreted and supplemented by Mr. Joseph Pennell's delightful drawings. "Some parts of Norfolk, Suffolk, and Cambridgeshire" is the phrase which defines the limits of this journey of love, and though the author complains that his itinerary will be "as remarkable for what it misses" as for what it brings to his readers, these latter will find but little fault after enjoying the feast he spreads for them. Literature and history have been drawn upon about equally to enrich and beautify the narrative, and it will be found a treasure-house of the things which are best worth knowing. The author says:

"I could never find it in me to decry East Anglian scenery because of its tameness; rather, I could pity the man who is unable to discover in its quaint old-world hamlets, thatched farmsteads, and ancient shrines many elements of the picturesque. As for the historical interest of the district, it both gains and loses something in that many of the events in which it originated occurred so long ago that they have become inseparably associated with romantic legends and untrustworthy traditions."

The book has the rare merit of serenity, and is to be valued highly.

This is to be an article of contrasts, for a more disheartening book than Mr. Hesketh Prichard's "Where Black Rules White," an account of a journey made by the author in the republic of Hayti, is hardly to be found among recent publications. It is a book of comparisons, and these not of what Hayti was aforetime and has now become, but what Hayti is and what the best civilization of the world has become. It is truly a tale, as the English author avers, of a people who "are neither very brave nor very fierce; not even barbaric; merely barbarians." There is a detailed account of Vaudoux practices, and of official inefficiency, of militarism and the rule of might. The whites are feared, because the blacks believe them anxious to return them to slavery, — so Mr. Prichard informs us, — and this is the only reason he can give for the curious blindness to a natural love for self-government that seems to be growing into an "Anglo-Saxon" idiosyncrasy, which he exhibits in the following words:

"The surprising part of it is that these negroes, who bear with incredible wrongs and tyrannies from their illiterate masters, would resent the mildest sway attempted by those not of their own race and color. The lowest of the people are as frantically opposed to annexation by a white Power as are the ruling classes."

Mr. Prichard's book bears out to the full some of the conclusions respecting the negro embodied in Mr. Poultney Bigelow's "The Children of the Nations." This, though it is all that its sub-title announces in being "A Study of Colonization and its Problems," is based so largely upon the author's extended travels and observations at first-hand that it may be included here as well as elsewhere. "If many of my conclusions vary from those current," says Mr. Bigelow, "it will be found that I have drawn less from official reports than from personal inquiry and observation." The result is one that possesses to an unusual degree the quality we all know and admire under the name of "common sense." Eminently sane in most of his conclusions, there is an enormous extent of territory, almost the whole world outside of Europe, covered by Mr. Bigelow's studies. Not only is the history of colonization set forth, in so far as it is pertinent at the present day, but the conditions of nearly all the colonies or self-governing nations which have sprung from them are exhibited as they are at the present moment. There is a personal tribute to the Filipino character in the too brief chapter on the Philippines, and the usual calm statement of American shortcomings by which more than one member of the Bigelow family has earned the gratitude of those among his countrymen whose esteem is best worth having. It is only in the chapter on "The Negro as an Element in Expansion" that Mr. Bigelow seems lacking in human sympathy, for in it he advocates strongly what can be regarded as nothing less than qualified slavery for the American man of color. This, it would appear, is not to be done as a method of education, but because the negro race is inferior: "Our first duty is to recognize the truth that the negro is not the equal of the white man." The question is too broad to be entered into here, but the statements of the book in this respect, like all its contents, deserve study.

Sir Martin Conway enjoys a reputation deservedly great as a climber of mountains, and the fame gained from his previous exploits will suffer no diminution through the deeds set forth in his last book, on "The Bolivian Andes." On September 10, 1898, he reached the summit of Illimani in the Cordillera Real, about 22,000 feet above the level of the sea. Sorata baffled him on the first attempt, a heavy storm driving him from a point not far from its summit; but he surmounted the peak known as Anohuma on October 10, the height attained being about the same as that of Illimani. These were the real deeds of the journey to Bolivia, the other peaks ascended being much lower, and the service performed in relation to them being that of an explorer rather than a mountain climber. The book is admirably written, and is filled with information concerning the native Indians and their somewhat desultory government. An account of a revolution that did not revolve very far adds to the interest of the book. It is admirably illustrated.

A kind-hearted American girl, Miss Olive Percival, taught herself the art of enjoyment abroad, and "Mexico City: An Idler's Notebook" is her nar-

ration of the real pleasure she was able to extract from a somewhat commonplace trip through no magic more wonderful than the determination to try to understand the strange people she had to meet. Though the book is needlessly slight, it is really entertaining, human sympathy making adequate compensation for occasional flippancy.

Another unpretending narrative of a trip to Mexico, preceded by one to the Pacific Coast and thence southward, comes from the practised pen of Col. A. K. McClure, the veteran editor and public official of Philadelphia. The book has for its title "To the Pacific and Mexico," and though the country traversed is fairly familiar, Colonel McClure's descriptions and impressions of it are pleasant and informing. An error (twice occurring), in making the Santa Fe railway run through the Grand Cañon of the Arkansas is to be noted.

In "The Niagara Book" a number of distinguished Americans have joined forces to describe the greatest of American spectacles. Mr. Howells has one of those pleasantly intimate descriptions of his journeys to the Falls which remind us of a no less genial if not so witty Dr. Holmes; Mr. Clemens gives "Some Extracts from Adam's Diary" to account for several things about Niagara; Professor N. S. Shaler popularizes the scientific aspects of the cataract so far as its geology is concerned; and there are numerous other articles of interest mingled with instruction. The book is issued in full recognition of the Buffalo Exposition, and a chapter is devoted to it as a worthy adjunct to the more permanent splendor of Niagara. WALLACE RICE.

RECENT FICTION.*

Mr. Winston Churchill is a novelist whose art progresses by leaps and bounds. His first book, "The Celebrity," was merely a clever skit; his second book, "Richard Carvel," was a richly-informed historical romance; his third and latest book, "The Crisis," is one of the strongest of American works of fiction. For the first time, we are almost inclined to say, the drama of our Civil War has been adequately dealt with in imaginative prose. Taking his own city of St. Louis for the principal scene of his story, Mr. Churchill has made a masterly reconstruction of its life during the years just preceding the outbreak of hostilities, as well as during the trying years of the war itself. The value of the book lies chiefly in its blending of a minute and intimate study of the conditions in the single State of Missouri with a vivid and passionate realization of the national aspects of the crisis in question. The spectacle of the house of the nation divided against itself is reproduced in miniature in the division of the individual families of a State whose sympathies were so nearly balanced that for a long time it was uncertain which side it would take in the impending conflict. That Missouri was saved to the Union Mr. Churchill attributes mainly to the energetic action of General Lyon and to the German element in the population of St. Louis, an element inspired by the Continental ideals of 1848, and ready to fight once more in the defense of those ideals. As a story of private interest, "The Crisis" proceeds upon familiar lines. There are the two contrasting types of Puritan and Cavalier — the one a young man who embodies the New England tradition; the other a high-bred young woman of Southern extraction, the descendant, in fact, of the author's own Richard Carvel and Dorothy Manners. Except for the special delineative skill exhibited in the present case, this story has been told a hundred times before. Likewise, the incidents of battle have a familiar guise. The generous rivalry between the Northerner and the hot-blooded Southerner, enabling the one to save the other's life more than once, is an old enough story, as is also the story of the heroine, who struggles for years against an instinctive love which is at variance with all the traditions of her race. But the writer never allows us to forget the momentous issues that lie back of this network of individual relations, and, being himself of the younger generation that knows of the war only as recorded history, he can approach his subject with a due sense of its perspective, and remain sufficiently objective to preserve his artistic poise. Besides the hero and the heroine, there are two other private characters that enlist our sympa-

* THE CRISIS. By Winston Churchill. New York: The Macmillan Co.

ARROWS OF THE ALMIGHTY. By Owen Johnson. New York: The Macmillan Co.

JOHN VYTAL. A Tale of the Lost Colony. By William Farquhar Payson. New York: Harper & Brothers.

PATROON VAN VOLKENBERG. By Henry Thew Stephenson. Indianapolis: The Bowen-Merrill Co.

HER MOUNTAIN LOVER. By Hamlin Garland. New York: The Century Co.

JOHN CHARITY. A Novel. By Horace Annesley Vachell. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.

MARTIN BROOK. By Morgan Bates. New York: Harper & Brothers.

DAYS LIKE THESE. By E. W. Townsend. New York: Harper & Brothers.

A VICTIM OF CIRCUMSTANCES. By Geraldine Anthony. New York: Harper & Brothers.

THE HERITAGE OF UNREST. By Gwendolen Overton. New York: The Macmillan Co.

THE MAKING OF CHRISTOPHER FERRINGHAM. By Beulah Marie Dix. New York: The Macmillan Co.

LORDS OF THE NORTH. By A. C. Laut. New York: J. F. Taylor & Co.

THE HOUSE OF DE MAILLY. By Margaret Horton Potter. New York: Harper & Brothers.

THE HELMET OF NAVARRE. By Bertha Runkle. New York: The Century Co.

THE CRIMSON WEED. By Christopher St. John. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

OUR LADY OF DELIVERANCE. By John Oxenham. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

THE WIZARD'S KNOT. By William Barry. New York: The Century Co.

THE COLUMN. By Charles Marriott. New York: John Lane.

thies in a marked degree. One is Colonel Carvel, Virginia's father, the embodiment of those admirable traits which have always characterized the Southern gentleman at his best; the other is the stern, almost fanatical, Northern sympathizer, Judge Whipple, who faces the world with a front of granite, and whose heart is as tender as that of the great President to whom its full allegiance is given. We have reserved for the last what we have to say about Abraham Lincoln as he appears in this book. We meet him face to face upon two occasions — once during the progress of the great debate with Douglas, once at the close of the war, and on the eve of the tragic consummation of his career. But his presence is felt as a pervading influence throughout the book, and the author's greatest triumph is found in the effective way in which he has dealt with the sacred memory of Lincoln. For it surely is a triumph to portray that personality in such terms of tenderness and reverence that the tears start unbidden with almost every mention of the name. We believe that this book will do more than all the histories to make the new generation understand the passion that inspired those days of the fifties and sixties, with their high purpose, their heroic resolve, and their moral fervor. Of late, the Republic seems to be forgetting the ideals that made of the Civil War so much more than a political struggle, and such a book as "The Crisis" cannot fail to be productive of much good in reviving, not merely the memories, but the fine idealisms of the period in which it moves.

Another young writer, Mr. Owen Johnson, has taken the Civil War period for the subject of a novel, and has achieved a certain measure of success, although there is nothing about the book that is likely to make a lasting impression upon its readers. What is most noticeable is a sort of easy fluency, almost volubility, which permits a rather simple narrative to be expanded into a novel of some four hundred pages. The hero is a young man of Southern antecedents, who goes to Cleveland to carve out his fortunes. When the war begins, he is a successful man of affairs, and finds an opportunity for service to his country by accepting a post in the commissariat department. His honesty and personal courage enable him to thwart many a rascally contractor, and helps us to realize that laurels may be won upon other fields than those of battle. The title of the book, "Arrows of the Almighty," seems to suggest a study in heredity, and this is doubtless intended by the writer, but we cannot say that the problem is worked out with much distinctness. The opening chapters, descriptive of the hero's parents, and of his child life in Maryland, are much better than those that follow. They arouse, indeed, anticipations for the subsequent development of the story that are doomed to disappointment.

Mr. William Farquhar Payson has found an interesting theme for a historical romance in the fortunes of that famous Lost Colony sent out by Raleigh in 1587. In the matter of invention he has been greatly daring in one respect, for he has made no less a person than Christopher Marlowe a member of the expedition. His story deals with exciting adventures on the voyage to Virginia, with Spanish intrigue to defeat the purpose of the colony, and with the long years of struggle, and hope deferred, and eventual failure on the Island of Roanoke. We owe him a debt of thanks for having "rigidly suppressed" the padding of "manners and customs" that most writers make it a point of misguided conscience to put into such a work. John Vytal, the hero of this romance, is a finely conceived figure, the very incarnation of Elizabethan strength and endurance, and the woman whom he serves and unsinfully loves proves a most acceptable heroine. This woman is the mother of Virginia Dare, the first English child born in America. As for the poet of "Tamburlaine," we are glad to have him of the company, albeit at some strain upon the probabilities, and his speech and conduct are such as befit the man who, had he lived, might have disputed with Shakespeare the primacy of English song.

Old Manhattan at the close of the seventeenth century is the scene of "Patroon Van Volkenberg," a historical romance by Mr. Henry Thew Stephenson. A Huguenot exile from France is the hero, and he comes to America in search of a sister who had been sold into service as a redemptioner in New York. He finds that she has met a mysterious and tragic death at the hands of her master, the powerful and unscrupulous patroon who gives the book its title, and he seeks to avenge her. In the end, vengeance is left to Providence, for the patroon has a daughter, and — well, we can imagine the rest. The story has a pronounced melodramatic flavor, and is replete with stirring incident. As a portrayal of the semi-feudal patroon system, it is interesting and instructive, and it shows us much of the difficulties of the English rule in these early days when the civilization of the New Netherlands was rather Dutch than English. The redoubtable Captain Kidd plays a minor part in this history, although he can hardly be said to appear as one of the characters.

Mr. Hamlin Garland, during the past few years, seems to have taken the far West for his province rather than the middle West, which was the scene of his earlier novels. The change is for the better in itself, and has been accompanied by an increased strength both in grasp and in vitality. The finer graces of diction are probably beyond his reach, whatever the themes he may attempt, but he is acquiring a certain rough force and breadth of style that make his work impressive. He is fortunate, moreover, in the mountain setting of these later books — "The Eagle's Heart," which we reviewed not long ago, and "Her Mountain Lover," the occasion of the present remarks. He is imbued with a genuine passion for the hills, and the rough sincere types of character which that environment

seems to foster find in him a sympathetic interpreter. He gets at times very close to the poetical mood, and his revolt from the artificial surroundings of civilization becomes more and more pronounced. In "Her Mountain Lover" the scene, for the most part, is not the West at all, but the England of town and country. This appears to contradict what has just been said, but a word of explanation clears away the difficulty. His hero in the present case is a rough Westerner, prospector and cowboy at once, who goes to London for the purpose of selling a mine. The impact of this strange figure upon English society provides the book with its substance, and Jim Matteson so dominates every situation in which he is placed that all the English accessories of the story are just so much stage-setting for this one uncompromisingly far Western character. The difficult situation is very well managed, and Jim more than holds his own upon all occasions. There are suggestions of Mr. Bret Harte in the story, and there is even a certain sort of grim humor, which shows that Mr. Garland has indeed developed.

"John Charity," by Mr. Horace Annesley Vachell, is a story that seems to have been written with an eye to the English public, and comes to our table heralded by a chorus of English critical trumpetings. And the opening chapters, placed in England, are so cleverly written in the familiar style of the English novel of adventure that it is not easy to realize that we are plunging into a story of American life by a typically American novelist. Mr. Vachell needs no introduction to our readers. We have had the pleasure of praising his earlier work; we now have the pleasure of praising the present strong and well-constructed romance. It deals with California — the California of the years just before the American occupation, the California of Alvarado and Vallejo, of aristocratic Spaniards and Mexican intriguers, of señoritas and vaqueros and priests. It is a highly colored romance, and its outcome is essentially tragic. The figure of Alvarado himself is studied with much skill and sympathy, while the appearance of Thomas Larkin as one of the minor characters provides a suggestion of what is soon in store for the unhappy province, and casts a sort of prophetic tinge over the narrative.

The "American Novel Series," started by one of our most respected publishing houses at the beginning of the current year, and planned to include a new volume for every month of the twelve, is attracting much attention by the excellence of the books presented. The first two volumes of the series were reviewed by us some time ago, and were productions distinctly above the average of current fiction; the volumes that have followed have proved to be better yet, and the promises made for the undertaking have been more than justified. "Martin Brook," by Mr. Morgan Bates, is the first of the new issues to demand our attention. Mr. Bates is a veteran journalist of the West, and has achieved some success as a playright, but this is the first novel from his pen that has come to our notice. Combining, as it does, the skill of the practiced writer with the refined experience of life that comes from many years of observation, it is a book that commands consideration, and deserves high praise. It is essentially a story of middle New York in the middle period of the century, with the Abolitionist agitation and Methodist revivalism for its distinguishing features. We might have spared the latter of the two, which rather weakens the story, for its strength is found in its reproduction of the moral fervor of the movement in behalf of the slave — its reanimation of the spirit of a time that to readers of the younger generation must seem to have been a part of the dark ages. It is well in these days of slackened national will and degraded political ideals that those years of storm and stress should be vitalized for us as has been done by Mr. Bates; we need the contagion of the earnest and uncompromising spirit with which slavery was fought in the forties and fifties to arouse us to a sense of duties of our own time. The madness of imperialism that has taken possession of our people during these later years calls for a moral crusade as determined and as self-sacrificing as that in which our fathers were enlisted half a century ago. Mr. Bates has written a novel of one figure, and almost of one idea. We have spoken of the idea; let us say of the figure that it depicts a hero worthy of the championship for which he stands, a strong, simple, manly character, whose development we follow from childhood up, and whose devotion to a sacred cause enlists our warmest sympathies all through the period of strife, and up to the final triumph of the idea to which all his energies have been devoted. Incidentally, we would like to say that the book reminds us in many ways of the best work of the late Harold Frederic. It is not merely that it introduces us once more to the environment of central New York during the war period; the resemblance goes beyond that, and includes the exhibition of many intellectual and moral traits that the author has in common with his late fellow-journalist and fellow-worker in the field of fictitious narrative.

New York is the scene of still another of the novels of the series now under review, but in the case of Mr. E. W. Townsend's "Days Like These," it is the city, not the State, which circumscribes the field of interest. This is the first appearance of the creator of Chimmie Fadden in the character of a full-fledged novelist, and even those who have admired him the most for his studies of metropolitan low life are likely to be surprised by the versatility of the present work, and by the resources at its writer's command. The habit of journalism is inimical to the cultivation of literary grace, and the finer qualities of style are still beyond Mr. Townsend's reach. But journalism has also its virtues, and "Days Like These" makes the most of them. It is a vivid and animated story, full of keen observation and shrewd comment, and with no rhetorical

surplusage. It is a story of marked realism, which is, however, of the good compressed sort, not the sort that runs to cataloguing and the multiplication of irrelevant and uninteresting detail. The story is compounded in about equal measures of the two sharply contrasting elements of New York society — the life of the slums and the life of the regions in which wealth and refinement hold sway. Mr. Townsend is intimately acquainted with both fields, and considers them equally interesting as subjects for the exercise of literary art. On the whole, his millionaires are somewhat less convincing than his ruffians and other figures of the slums, but all are studied carefully enough to excite and hold our attention, besides being brought into interesting relations by means of an exceptionally well-contrived plot. As a study of the various elements that enter into the social structure of the great city the book has more than superficial truth; it seems to us to exhibit an unusual degree of social penetration. It is satirical, after the manner of Thackeray — or, to take a closer parallel, after the manner of Mr. Warner's trilogy of New York novels, — but its shafts are not poisoned, and the author is prompt to give credit to the generous qualities that are somewhere stirring in the most selfish or depraved of his creations. He considers environment and education, rather than inherited viciousness, to be responsible for most forms of wrong living, and takes pleasure in discovering a soul of good in things and lives of the most evil seeming. He has written a strong human novel, faithful to the life with which it deals, enlivened by dry humor and dramatic incident, optimistic in temper, and free from explicit moralizing. "Days Like These" is one of the very best novels of the year.

The third book in this series still remaining for notice is the work of a woman, Miss Geraldine Anthony, and is entitled "A Victim of Circumstances." It is, like the one last mentioned, a story of New York society, although the action takes place largely at a country house on the Hudson. We regret that so poor a book should have found admission to the series. It is not only amateurish in construction, with characters so much alike that it is almost impossible to disentangle them, but its substance is the merest frothiness, being dialogue empty of thought and chronicled doings devoid of the least vital human interest. A sort of cheap and slangy brilliancy is the *cachet* of this production, which represents about the lowest depth of vapidity that the novel of fashionable society is capable of reaching.

"The Heritage of Unrest," by Miss Gwendolen Overton, is a vividly realized narrative of the Southwest — the Apache country — in the days of Geronimo and Crook. The heroine is a waif of mixed Indian and American blood, adopted as a sort of ward by an army officer, who eventually makes her his wife. The study of her character, in which the savage instincts now and then find their way to the surface, despite the most thorough-going discipline in the ways of civilization, is exceedingly well done, and makes us look forward with some eagerness to further work by this new writer. This is the personal sense in which the title of the book is justified; but in a wider sense, the "heritage of unrest" may be taken as meaning the national heritage that comes to us from our blundering and dishonorable treatment of our Indian wards. The writer is unsparing in her denunciation of our course toward these unfortunate creatures, and a fine contrast is afforded between the steadfast devotion of our soldiers to their task of stern repression, and the folly, or worse, that has really been responsible for the chief difficulties. The scene of this story is not strictly that which Mr. Bret Harte has made his own, but it is nearly enough that scene to invite a comparison, and this comparison may be best made by simply stating that Mr. Harte's work might be something like this if it were stripped of humor and romantic glamour. The evident note of Miss Overton's work is a rather bare realism, but we must respect it, for it is based upon a close acquaintance with the scene and the period.

The American Colonial period has proved unexpectedly rich in the material for romantic fiction. Its annals are dull and uninteresting only to the undiscerning eye, and we have had of late numerous illustrations of the fact that it needs but a touch of the imagination to light up the history of our national beginnings, and to awaken our deepest interest in the life of those early days. The latest novel to deal with this period is one of the best that have yet been produced; it is entitled "The Making of Christopher Ferringham," and is the work of Miss Beulah Marie Dix. The Colony of Massachusetts Bay is the scene of this story, and the time is that just preceding the Restoration. Christopher is a young Cavalier, possessed alike of the vices and the generous qualities of his class, sent to Massachusetts after the defeat of his cause, and placed under the tutelage of his uncle, a Puritan magistrate. His conduct is a stumbling-block and an offence to the godly townsfolk of Meadowcreek, and he seems, indeed, to be about as graceless a scamp as is often found anywhere. There is a young woman, however, in his uncle's family whose sympathies turn toward him in spite of herself, and it is his love for her that gradually transforms his character, and redeems him from his reckless mode of life. As the title informs us, the story is of Christopher's "making," by dint of his love and of the disciplinary environment against which he vainly chafes. After a long series of escapades and exciting adventures, he grows up to be a man in the best sense of the word, and is happily united to the young woman who has been his good angel. The author's study of the Puritan life and character is both painstaking and just. She does not spare its unlovely aspects, but she recognizes at the same time its strength, and even the humanity that remains at its heart, in spite of its stern repression of most

of the natural instincts. Miss Dix has given us a deeply interesting book, rich in incident, and full-blooded in sympathy. It has about equal value as a work of fiction and as a historical study of what is perhaps the most fascinating phase of our colonial experience.

Miss A. C. Laut's "Lords of the North" is a rather striking story of adventure in British America during the early years of the nineteenth century. It has for its subject the rivalry between the two great fur-trading companies of the North, and presents a vivid picture of the daring enterprise and reckless deeds of the men who were engaged in exploiting the commercial resources of the wilderness that stretches westward from Hudson's Bay. There is enough of private interest and delineation of individual figures to furnish forth an interesting narrative, but the epic character of the struggle is what chiefly impresses the reader — that, and the spacious atmosphere of the work, with the zest of living that such surroundings inspire.

Of Miss Margaret Potter's "The House of Mailly" we must say, in substance, what we said of her "Uncanonized" of last year. It is a work that exhibits a remarkable mastery of the required historical material, as well as the most painstaking construction. There is still much surpluasge in the form of dialogue and description, making the narrative too slow in its movement, and depriving the reader of the sort of breathless excitement which he has a right to expect from a historical romance. The period is the France of Louis XV. and the reign in the royal favor of Madame de Chateauroux. The day of the Pompadour has not yet dawned, although that remarkable woman appears in the closing chapters. The hero is a nobleman who aspires to the love of the King's favorite, and thereby incurs the royal displeasure. Banished from Versailles, with permission to return when he shall bring a wife with him, he goes to the American colonies, and for about a third of the book the scene is laid in Maryland. This agreeable diversification is very well contrived, and the chapters that keep us in Baltimore are, on the whole, the pleasantest of all. A colonial maiden is introduced, and in her love the wounded heart of the hero finds solace. The final section of the story takes us again to the French court, where the beauty of the American countess wins instant applause. This young woman has made a study of alkaloid poisons, and her special knowledge of the subject is turned to ingenious account. This sounds more melodramatic than it really is, but the use made of the episode, although skilfully contrived, introduces a hopelessly incongruous element into the romance.

If we ask just what is lacking to this book of Miss Potter's, with all its admirable qualities of description and characterization, the answer is easily provided by Miss Bertha Runkle's "The Helmet of Navarre." In this book we find the true spirit of romantic adventure, and just the sort of constructive skill that Miss Potter has yet to learn. This is a book that one wants to read straight through; the other is one of which the reading can be broken off almost anywhere, to be resumed at convenience, and without the sort of impatient expectation that is so considerable an element in the novel-reader's delight. One thinks more of the story itself than of the painful conscientiousness of the telling, and we trust that with a little more practice in her art Miss Potter will learn this secret also. "The Helmet of Navarre" deals with the most fascinating period of French history, with the League, and the Béarnais, and Mayenne. Many as have been the previous uses of this romantic material, Miss Runkle's story manages to preserve the qualities of freshness and charm. It has amateurish qualities as well — among them a fondness for bits of French which are usually more accurate than the *souvent homme trahie* which makes its luckless appearance in two or three cases, — but it certainly is a remarkable work for a beginner, and one who is a young girl at that.

Mr. Christopher St. John's novel, "The Crimson Weed," takes its text from one of Bacon's essays. "Revenge is a kind of wild justice which the more man's nature runs to, the more ought law to weed it out." It is this crimson weed of vengeance, growing up in the life of a man, the child of dishonor, that we are called upon to consider in the present instance. The hero is a youth of mixed Italian and English parentage, who learns the secret of his origin when he has come to manhood, and whose mind is almost wrecked by the discovery. His Italian mother is still living, an artist upon the lyrical stage, and his father is a prosperous English Academician. The hero himself has the temperament of genius, and has developed remarkable aptitudes for both musical and literary composition. But he so broods over the thought of the wrong that has been done him through his unhappy mother that he grows well-nigh distracted at the contrast between her life of bitterness and the worldly prosperity of the man who deserted her so many years ago. He is on the point of taking vengeance into his own hands, when fate intervenes and puts an end to the scoundrel who has caused all the misery. The story is skilfully-constructed, and its pitch of passion is almost unrelieved from first to last. In the end, the blasted lives of mother and son are restored to something like sanity, and the stormy prelude finds a peaceful close.

It was inevitable that the Dreyfus affair should suggest a theme to some enterprising novelist, and we are glad that so clever a craftsman as Mr. John Oxenham should have been the one to find inspiration in that tragedy of real life. "Our Lady of Deliverance" is the title of his story, which tells how a French officer is degraded and exiled through the personal malice of a rejected suitor for his sister's hand (and fortune), how an adventurous Englishman falls in love with the sister and espouses the cause of her brother's rehabilitation, how the neces-

sary pooof of his innocence is brought to light, the victim freed, and the villain circumvented. It is all made into a thrilling sort of narrative, with plenty of subsidiary incident, local character study, and general animation. It is not as good a story as Mr. Oxenham is capable of writing, but it serves the purposes of entertainment so well that we will refrain from carping criticism.

Dr. William Barry is proving himself a novelist of admirable parts and amazing versatility. The religious and ethical prepossessions of his first books, "The New Antigone" and "The Two Standards," gave place in "Arden Massiter" to the romantic spirit of modern life as illustrated by the conditions of nineteenth-century Italian history, and that point has in turn given place to the Celtic glamour in "The Wizard's Knot," the author's latest work of fiction. In this book we have the Irishman — more or less concealed from view in Dr. Barry's earlier books, — with his sense of the haunting mysteries of the elements, his passionate attachment to his legendary birthright, and his primitive passions. The story itself is not without interest, but these extra-fictional qualities, which might be exhibited almost as well without attempting to tell a story, are what give to "The Wizard's Knot" its deepest charm. The author's crisp and brilliant style, scholarly but without affectation, is a source of unfailing satisfaction, and would lend distinction to a much duller narrative. We do not place this book quite as high as "Arden Massiter," all things considered, but it remains nevertheless a noteworthy production.

Mr. Charles Marriott is a new writer, and his first novel, "The Column," has been hailed in England as a remarkable work. It is a novel of almost purely psychological interest, written in a style that arrests attention and occasionally puzzles it. There is a tendency toward something like preciosity in many of the sentences which constitutes Mr. Marriott's chief defect as a stylist. Such a sentence as the following, while not so bad as to deserve the title of Meredithian, is not to be defended upon any theory of lucid construction. "In spite of the pilloried names of sentimental history, and the prosier, though in a sense not less stimulating, records of the daily press, there still survives a popular and pathetic fallacy that the amateur of hearts abandons his desipience at the altar." It is only fair, however, to say that this is an extreme illustration of the author's morbid shrinking from the forms of common-place utterance. As a rule, he succeeds in being perspicacious without reverting to hackneyed forms of expression. The work as a whole is amazingly clever, and its power of presenting ideas and situations by means of suggestion rather than exposition is one of its most salient characteristics. The opening pages afford an excellent illustration of this feature of the book, and others may be found in abundance. Sometimes the suggestiveness is of such a kind as to stir into vibration the deepest chords of our consciousness. We must illustrate our meaning by an extract, premising that Cathcart is a sculptor who lives in his own ideal world, making no concessions to the fashions of the hour, and that Johnnie is a simple youth serving his apprenticeship in the art of the master.

"'Some of us,' continued Cathcart, 'have to stick up a motto to remind us of — things; but it's better to have a live goddess. Have you ever read Dante?'

"Johnnie made the unnecessary statement that he had not.

"'Well, Dante wasn't a particularly happy sort of chap, — a bit raw in places, and things hurt. When he was quite a youngster, he happened to see a little girl named Beatrice. Nothing came of it, you know; she grew up and married another fellow, — very decent sort, I believe. Now Dante didn't go bleating about or take to drink, or anything. He happened to be a poet; and whatever he wrote he felt he had the eyes of Beatrice on him. His biggest work is all about Heaven and Hell, and it all leads up to Beatrice. It's done in such a way, you know, that the husband couldn't possibly object; in fact, he would feel proud, if he was anything of a sort. She died, you know, before Dante wrote it; but that did n't make any difference.'

"Cathcart stared at the blank wall, and Johnnie had a shrewd suspicion that there were others to whom death did n't make any difference."

The book has for its heroine a girl of Greek-English parentage, an elemental creature of earth and air, who embodies an ideal of simple and wholesome living that is almost lost to our sophisticated civilization. Such a creature is not to be mated by a man of modern mould, and the tragedy of the book is found in her union with a man of superficial culture, a prattler about books and music, who can have no real sympathy with so sane and natural a character as hers. We think the author rather evades the difficulty of his problem, when it is once fully presented, by disposing of his heroine in such summary fashion, but we can appreciate the difficulty of his search for a logical outcome to so hopeless a situation.

WILLIAM MORTON PAYNE.

NOTES ON NOVELS.

In "King's End" (Houghton), Miss Alice Brown proves anew her power as a literary artist, taking her people from a little New England village, but selecting men and women of real charm and wholesomeness instead of the anæmic personages in which other painters of such village life have reveled. The spirituality of a charming young woman is set in conflict with her love. A wandering evangelist has taught her that she too has a call to go forth and preach; but his sister, suffering her life through from a love unfulfilled, brings her back to earth and her true love again. The story is written with befitting simplicity, with evidences of real Yankee humor on almost every page, and may be commended to all lovers of our best native literature.

By choosing the daughter of an American army officer for her heroine, and two foster brothers, both with commissions in the Royal Engineers, as suitors for her

hand, Miss Maud Howard Peterson has given an international interest to "The Potter and the Clay" (Lothrop), which is described as "a romance of to-day." The argument turns on the honor — in the soldier's sense — of one of the two British officers, the American girl's interest in both of them being almost equally balanced until one of them is proved unworthy. The manner in which he redeems himself in a cholera camp in India is well told, and the novel is much above the average in conception and execution. Browning's poem of "The Potter's Wheel" serves as a preface to the book, and the feeling in it is carried through the story.

In selecting the time of Shays's Rebellion in 1786 for the period of "The Duke of Stockbridge" (Silver, Burdett & Co.), the late Edward Bellamy gave himself an opportunity to show with what difficulty the common people, who fought and won the Revolutionary War, reconciled themselves to the government by the rich and self-seeking which they had been forced to overthrow in good part in order to secure national independence. None of his former books show the author to such good advantage in the literary sense, and the work has merit as successfully interpreting the feeling of the period it deals with. It is an interesting and valuable contribution to the growing list of worthy American novels.

Mr. George Gibbs has written, and illustrated himself, a novel dealing with the war between the French and Spanish in Florida and the vicinity, entitling it, "In Search of Mademoiselle" (H. T. Coates & Co.). It is a great advance on the sea stories for boys which have heretofore formed Mr. Gibbs's only contribution to literature, the selection of characters and time showing excellent judgment and the treatment being most interesting. The hero is an English youth who falls in love with a charming French girl of noble birth, whose family is devoted to the reformed religion. When the girl goes to the New World with others of her fellow-believers, the English youth is not far behind. In the story history and romance are pleasantly combined, and the pictures from the author's pencil are really interpretive and attractive.

Comparisons are odious, and that which the publishers institute between Mr. F. Frankfort Moore's new book "Nell Gwyn — Comedian" (Brentano's) and his earlier "The Jessamy Bride" seems to confirm the adage. A pleasant and seemly work, the later novel yet lacks the literary charm of the earlier one, and the sweet pathos which attaches itself so readily to the memory of Goldsmith is almost wholly wanting in the account of the rollicking Nell. The story ends cheerfully, and the flavor throughout is that of a corrupt court and none too strict a stage.

The tender romance so predominant in Mrs. Katharine Tynan Hinkson's former stories is not lacking in "A Daughter of the Fields" (A. C. McClurg & Co.), which contains an excellent portrait of a young Irish girl, poor and proud, who returns from an education in France to conditions at home which force her into the active management of a farm. Her landlord is young, and in a short time ardent. The struggle between love and duty, and the continual interplay of sentiment, make the story sweet and true. It is a pleasant contribution to our knowledge of Irish country life.

It is interesting to learn that there are more Unitarians in Transylvania than in the United States, and that the title of Dr. Maurus Jokai's novel "Manasseh" (L. C. Page & Co.) is "Egy az Isten": One is the Lord, in the original. The translator from the original Hungarian, Mr. Percy Favor Bicknell, relates these facts in his frank Preface, explaining also that he has greatly shortened and simplified his version as compared with Dr. Jokai's own. What remains is nevertheless a well constructed story of love and war, replete with incident belligerent and romantic, and given added value by the knowledge that there were in Europe in 1848 men and women who were willing to shed their blood for that rational belief which is the finality of the Reformation. America knows the Unitarian militant, but rather as a moral than a physical force. Race distinctions between many conflicting peoples are here well drawn, and the work deserves a careful reading.

Maryland is coming into its own with the colonial romancer — Mr. William Henry Babcock's "The Tower of Wye" (H. T. Coates & Co.) being the fourth or fifth story this year dealing with that pleasant commonwealth. We should like to see the one salient fact of the Maryland settlement, the proclamation of religious toleration for the first time in modern history, given more attention; but Mr. Babcock has chosen, instead, to emphasize the quarrels between the followers of Lord Baltimore and Secretary Claiborne. It cannot be doubted that his selection enables him to keep more closely within the limits set by convention for the colonial romance; and he has done even better in making the wonderfulness of the New World, as it appeared to these emigrant Englishmen, one of the notes of his argument.

Too much episode not strictly connected with the development of her plot keeps Mrs. Lucy Cleaver McElroy's "Juletty" (Crowell) from being the story it might have been made. The young man she introduces as her hero is a deputy United States marshal on the lookout for manufacturers of illicit whiskey in Kentucky, the "Pennyrile" district being the scene of his labors. He falls in love with a pretty girl of somewhat lower social status than himself, and the discovery of the "moonshiner" and the final surrender of the maiden to his suit come together in the closing chapter. The interval is filled up with stories of the war between the States, with the lynching of a negro in which all the "best" citizens of the countryside take part, and with adventures of several sorts.

Few minor characters in history lend themselves better to a certain sort of romance than that of John Gifford, who turned from being a cavalier officer to a pastorship in one of the straightest sects of his day, numbering Charles Stuart and John Bunyan among his friends at the two extremes of his life. Miss Dora M. Jones has made a good selection in taking this remarkable career for elucidation in "A Soldier of the King" (Cassell). John Milton figures in the story for a moment.

The fighting in the Netherlands between the Duke of Alva and the Prince of Orange supplies the historical background for Miss H. C. Bailey's "My Lady of Orange" (Longmans), a stirring romance which preserves much of the horror of the times. There are eight illustrations by Miss C. P. Jacomb-Hood, which add to the value of the book. If one is looking for incessant fighting, it is to be found here.

"The Crow's Nest" (Dodd, Mead & Co.) is not a novel, but a rather slight descriptive narrative of a little garden perched high on the side of the Himalayas, near the city of Simla, which Mr. Kipling discovered the literary possibilities of some time ago. Mrs. Everard

Cotes, the author, is better known to both American and English readers as Sarah Jeanette Duncan; and the chief value of her latest book lies in the new-world eyes with which she regards the rulers of the Indian Empire in the mountain resort which enables them to escape the heat of the plains. Mrs. Cotes planted in her "Crow's Nest" the seeds of a species of golden-rod that she had brought with her from America, and the account of the favorable reception accorded the new delicacy by the bees and butterflies makes interesting reading.

It is somewhat anomalous to come upon a book which is almost wholly lacking in distinction so far as diction is concerned, yet shows from one cover to the other marked originality in the choice of its subject matter. Miss Edith Wyatt's "Every One His Own Way" (McClure, Phillips & Co.) is made up of a series of instantaneous photographs of Chicago life, the subjects drawn largely from the points of contact between the older American and the newer foreign society of the city. Just as a kodak may grasp and hold a scene in which an artist finds delight, so Miss Wyatt sets down little episodes of more than ordinary value to literature; though, as in the case of the artist and the kodak, the means of conveying the episode hardly rises to the dignity of art. There is a tendency to mere cleverness, too, which needs to be subdued; yet the book is in many ways one to deserve attention.

There is always danger of preciousness in the writings of Mr. Richard Le Gallienne, and "The Love Letters of the King; or, The Life Romantic" (Little, Brown, & Co.) is not free from this fault. It is, indeed, the sort of book that only a poet — a minor poet — could write, filled with little love lyrics in a species of *vers libre*, and flavored with a transcendental passion, a love of love for love's sake and not at all for the sake of the beloved. The moral, however, is wholesome, for the mild-mannered hero succeeds in divesting himself of the rather silly affair which fills up most of the pages and marrying a worthy woman. The style is rambling, but not incoherent.

More than ordinary regret will be felt after reading "The Grapes of Wrath" (Small, Maynard & Co.) that the author of the book, the late Mary Harriott Norris, should have been taken away in what is evidently her intellectual and literary maturity. The story is an unusually powerful one, concerning itself wholly with the period of the Civil War, and depicting life in a New Jersey village, at a Virginia country seat, among a secret settlement of contrabands, during the denudation of the Shenandoah Valley, and in Richmond just before and after its surrender. Apart from the broad opportunities thus given to interpret history, there is admirable development of character shown throughout the book, and the intricate romance element is well handled. The book is impressive and artistic.

When Garcilaso de la Vega discovered that his name was not in "Who's Who in 1491," he set about remedying the defect as soon as possible. As a result, after many years of further adventure he accumulated the material which Miss J. Breckenridge Ellis has now set forth in her "Garcilaso" (McClurg). The narrative is a trifle uncertain in its pronouns, running from the first to the third person and back with bewildering speed, but it is sufficiently inclusive to take in a fight with a Moor, a voyage with Columbus, and several other things of the sort. There is an admirably contrived love-story along with the adventure.

A careful study of character, the hero being a Jesuit priest who becomes one of that gallant band of missionaries which Parkman celebrates, supplies the framework of Miss Anna Farquhar's "The Devil's Plough" (L. C. Page & Co.), additional material for a background being drawn from the French Court of Anne of Austria and Mazarin. While there is enough of the sword-and-cloak in the book to give it interest, the soul of it lies deeper than mere striking incident, and the development of Gaston L'Artanges the roysterer, into Father Gaston the missionary priest, is worth following. Though New France figures only in the concluding chapter, it affords a fitting close to a story of real merit.

Real humor, of a Stocktonish sort, runs through the pages of Mr. Sydney H. Preston's "The Abandoned Farmer" (Scribner). It is an account of a newspaper man, his delightfully feminine wife, and their quaint little son, all of whom move into the rural districts for the purpose of making money by not spending it. Everything happens at just the right time and in not quite the right way, but still with an ordered intelligence that sets the account of it in a world by itself. The contrast between the city man and the real farmer, the curious twist to the episodes, and the generally wholesomeness of Mr. Preston's work, make his book a welcome addition to our summer reading.

Easily surpassing all her previous work in merit is Mrs. Schuyler Crowninshield's "Valencia's Garden" (McClure). The story is that of a little American maid educated in France, out of all knowledge of her native land, and married in a purely conventional way to a man old enough almost to be her grandfather, himself in love with a woman of his own age. Valencia has the most striking adventures, even though she is so far out of the work-a-day world in her husband's old French chateau as to seem cloistered. The book is conspicuous in an almost insistent use of the French language.

A real South African novel, not connected with the war between Britain and the burghers, is welcome at this time, especially when it has nothing to do with racial prejudice. Such a book is to be found in "A Daughter of the Veldt" (Holt), by a new writer, Mr. Basil Marnan. From it may be derived more of the facts concerning the factors now at work in that distant land than from many veracious histories, — Kaffirs, Boers, and Britons appearing as they do in life, without exaggeration of either faults and virtues. The heroine is a girl reared in complete ignorance of her parents, though the striking prologue serves to indicate them to the reader. The manner in which, through her own sweetness and strength of character, she finally comes into the heritage she deserves, is excellently told, and the novel is a really striking one.

Modern realism and historical romance are the two extremes which Mr. Louis Evan Shipman has touched in his former writings, and his latest volume, "The Curious Courtship of Kate Poins" (Appleton), arranges itself in the latter category. It is "a romance of the regency," dealing with English society in the days of Beau Brummell and his friend's "fat friend." Duels there are in plenty, and the outcome of the somewhat surprising wooing given the piquant heroine is made doubtful enough to satisfy the most ardent lover of suspense. Vivacity, and an exaggerated courtesy already old-fashioned, add to the attractiveness of the book.

Mrs. Reginald de Koven has aspired to high things in her story of Artaxerxes Longimanus, called "By the

Waters of Babylon" (H. S. Stone & Co.). It is a tragical work with the final catastrophe omitted, a great deal of atmosphere whereby the luxury and ferocity of the day find interpretation, and an admirable plot, failing only in consistency through the failure to carry the tragedy on to a logical close. It shows great improvement in method and manner over Mrs. de Koven's earlier book, though the style is not to be commended so highly as that of her translation of Pierre Loti's "An Iceland Fisherman."

Mr. Payne Erskine in "When the Gates Lift up Their Heads" (Little, Brown, & Co.), has painted two characters, one of them a bright, ambitious, educated young gentleman, the heir to an aristocratic and wealthy grandmother, and the other a colored barber with a certain amount of energy but much more vanity and desire for show, — leaving the reader to discover at the close that the two, as in Mark Twain's book, were deliberately exchanged soon after birth by the mother of the colored one. The book brings up a series of reflections concerning environment which make it worthy of consideration, though it is rather more ambitious than successful when viewed as a work of art.

The infamous treatment of American prisoners on board the floating prisons which England used for their retention during the Revolutionary War provides the leading episode in Mrs. Sara B. Kennedy's "Joscelyn Cheshire" (Doubleday, Page & Co.), her hero's escape from it being sufficiently exciting to make the reader draw a deep sigh of relief when the pursued one is safe at last. The heroine, by way of variation from the prevailing type, is not a patriot, but a rabid little Tory.

The heroine who lends her name to Mr. Justin McCarthy's "Mononia, A Love Story of 'Forty-Eight" (Small, Maynard & Co.) is herself named from the province of Munster, as that word was anciently translated into Latin. She is a finely drawn conception, and her father, brother, and lover, with whom the argument is chiefly concerned, share that distinction with her. Mr. McCarthy is able to view the events of which he was formerly a part with the dispassionate eye of age.

"A Novel of Modern Diplomacy," the sub-title of Mr. David Dwight Wells's "Parlous Times" (J. F. Taylor & Co.), describes the volume with accuracy. A man has done a wicked thing, and its results follow him to the bitter end; while two women, with characteristically uncertain motives and certain affections, serve to keep the catastrophe in doubt until the close. Mr. Wells shows strength as well as skill in the handling of his unusual material.

A curious proof of the popular acceptance of Diedrich Knickerbocker's veracious "History of New York from the Beginning of the World to the End of the Dutch Dynasty" is to be found in the "publisher's note" prefixed to Mrs. Jessie Van Zile Belden's "Antonia" (L. C. Page & Co.), wherein a careful explanation is made of the fact that early days in New Amsterdam were not lacking in the strenuous life. The novel is not, perhaps, the best proof of it, for, though there is an abundance of exciting incident, the story is told with a blandness which does not stir the blood. Possibly it is the better summer story on that account.

Through a misapprehension regarding the meaning of the word "Maori," the fact that the scene of "Another Woman's Territory" (T. Y. Crowell & Co.) is laid in Australia does not become apparent for some time, New Zealand being the most probable spot for Maori geographical names to obtain currency. This apart, "Alien" has written a story of much force, involving great questions of honesty and intellectual integrity, dealing with the development of a strong man's character, and showing an insight into the feminine heart which stamps the author's sex. That there should be so little flavor of the antipodes in the book, after all, simply goes to show that the problems worked out in it are not those of any one place or time, but of universal application.

"The Career of a Beauty" (Lippincott) is a trifle disappointing, for all "John Strange Winter's" authorship of it. The book begins with one of those miscellaneous families for which the author is famous, and this part is really the best of the story. When it gets to be a question of the war in South Africa, so seriously overworked by British novelists of late, with a little telepathy run in for variety, the story becomes less fascinating.

How closely the two branches of the English-speaking race on the passing frontiers of America and on the existing frontiers of Australia run together is made apparent through "The Wisdom of Esau" (Cassell), by Messrs. C. H. Chumley and R. H. Outhwaite. The book is most readable, portraying as it does a bush fire — the antipodean equivalent of our prairie fire, — and, on the spiritual side, the play of almost unrestrained passion in a rude and pastoral civilization. It calls to mind the breadth of the literary field afforded by the continent of Australia, and how novel it all is so far as American readers are concerned.

Though "A Colonial Cavalier" (Lothrop) is assuredly a romance of the American Revolution, its author, Mr. George Cary Eggleston, is a writer of too much skill to turn his argument upon matters of mere history. He provides an admirable background of fact, and his two young gentlemen and their two young ladies disport themselves before it with great vivacity and good humor. "Jack," one of his heroines, is a really lovable conception. It is a pleasant story of Southern life during troublous times.

Mr. Morgan Robertson has followed his successful volume of sea-tales by a more ambitious and extended work, "Masters of Men, A Story of the New Navy" (Doubleday, Page & Co.). Those who recall his earlier yarn of an officer and enlisted man in the service of the United States, who were "shanghaied" on one of those disgraces to the American flag which are known to sailors as "hell-ships," will find the same theme used for the central episode of this novel. It is as engrossing as any book recently written for fully two-thirds of its length, and it begins to lose there because of the imagined need of bringing girls and love into the argument. We think Mr. Robertson is a writer sufficiently picturesque and graphic to tell a rattling good story without this element of romance.

A sensational story which serves as the frame for an intelligent and instructive dissertation on important questions of the day has been written by Mr. Frederick Upham Adams with the title, "The Kidnapped Millionaires" (Lothrop). A wealthy young New Yorker, who has taken up modern journalism for the fun in it, kidnaps the six richest men in the United States and conveys them to a deserted spot which proves to be on the Gulf coast of Mexico. The party discuss financial and other topics with considerable acumen and entire freedom, the views advanced being occasionally wild, but always intelligent. The book succeeds in conveying the bustle and eagerness which characterize a modern

newspaper office to a really remarkable extent, and is both interesting and amusing.

No one but a poet who has lived close to the heart of Nature could have written such a book as "The Heart of the Ancient Wood" (Silver, Burdett & Co.), and Mr. Charles G. D. Roberts, its author, is to be congratulated for having so successfully translated the delight of life in the wilds into literature. He has succeeded in doing a most difficult thing in this; and one even more difficult in making sympathy for the brute creation a sufficient rival to a human suitor in a woman's love.

The name of Mr. Ellis Meredith is not known to the reader, but his tale of a modern Robinson Crusoe, "The Master-Knot of Human Fate" (Little, Brown, & Co.), deserves attention none the less on that account. It is the story of a man and a woman left on an island after a cataclysm which has submerged nearly all the world except that part of the Rocky Mountains on which they happen to be standing at the time. As Crusoe in his ship, so they, in a little house which survives to them, find the means for supporting life. The book has unusual merit, and the faults in it, such as that of insistent quotation, are abundantly criticized by the characters themselves.

Mr. Joseph Sharts shows a painstaking and a literary grasp that deserve encouragement, in his "Ezra Caine" (H. S. Stone & Co.), though the book contains the autobiography of a maniacal murderer — as displeasing a subject as could well be chosen. Brief as the story is, it still contrives to leave the impression that if such a person were to write down his inmost thought this is surely the manner in which he would do it. Credit for originality belongs to the author, — although the horror essential to the narration keeps it from attaining any great height.

War is always fascinating, even in its horrors; and it may be surmised that the war of the American Revolution, being fought for as nearly just a cause as war may have on this earth, is popular on both accounts. "Clayton Halowell" (R. F. Fenno & Co.), by Mr. Francis W. Van Praag, obtains more attention than war in its usual forms may command, because the plot turns so largely on the attempt of the hero to ferret out the treason which made Benedict Arnold infamous. A compound love-story runs through the book, with much plotting and counterplotting.

Hypnotism of the most pronounced variety is the mystery behind "The Mysterious Burglar" (F. M. Buckles & Co.), and with that for the turning-point of his artless narrative Mr. George E. Walsh contrives to keep his readers in doubt through the greater part of the story. The account is put in the mouth of a professional burglar who has been taken into the service of the mysterious one. Something seems incongruous in the latter's proceedings, so the real burglar turns detective and eventually proves the truth of an adage too old to require repetition. The story holds the attention and makes small demand on faculties likely to be benumbed by hot weather.

Mr. Clinton Scollard's story of the Mohawk Valley during the Revolutionary campaign that led to the surrender at Saratoga is called "The Son of a Tory" (R. G. Badger & Co.), and has rare merit among books of its kind. Its characters are alive, and bear a close resemblance to the men and women we know to-day. Nearly every historical romance read in late years emphasizes the differences between the people of its day and those of ours; Mr. Scollard has preferred, rather, to lay stress upon the likenesses. Apart from the interesting episodes which follow the history of that time with substantial accuracy, this choice of treatment gives the book real distinction. Nothing has ever been gained by setting Revolutionary characters and Revolutionary times off by themselves; much is to be gained by bringing them together. Our ancestors were men and women of like passions with ourselves; and we can be grateful to the author for having shown them exactly as they were.

Mr. Clive Holland's "Mousmé" (Stokes) has the good fortune to appear as the sequel to an earlier success, "My Japanese Wife." The history of the little *geisha* girl is carried on from the time of her wedding, through a journey to England, and an enforced return to Japan due to the difficulties of the British climate. Mr. Holland's book is an excellent antidote to M. Pierre Loti's "Mme. Chrysanthéme," being filled with bright humor and real sentiment.

The loss of the "Essex" in Valparaiso, on March 28, 1814, is the crowning episode of Mr. T. J. Hains's sea-story, "The Cruise of the Petrel" (McClure, Phillips & Co.). The author has left the "love interest" where it belongs in a good sea-story — entirely out of it. A pair of villains of the good old sort, and a cheerful suggestion of piracy, make the book undeniably interesting.

Whatever the work of Mr. Guy Boothby may lack in other respects, it is always ingenious. In "The Mystery of the Clasped Hands" (Appleton) a wealthy English painter is sent a box containing the severed hands of a former model of his by way of wedding present, and it takes a modern M. Dupin to unravel the problem of the sender. He is discovered, of course, after the usual process. The book is of the lightest sort.

Mr. W. O. Stoddard is not as successful with "Montayne, or, The Slavers of Old New York" (Altemus) as with his stories for boys, chiefly because he uses much the same plan of construction and gives incident too high a place. The book, indeed, has enough action in it for three stories, and something like bewilderment follows the reader in trying to keep pace with it all.

"David Harum" is presumably responsible for "John Winslow" (Dillingham), a mild reflection of the earlier dialect story of homely village worth. The author, Mr. Henry D. Northrop, has discovered a worthy character in this later hero, and his story is well told.

After wandering in the slough of Mexican politics through a thick volume, Mr. Charles Fleming Embree returns to the better and more distinctive manner of his first book of stories in "A Heart of Flame" (Bowen-Merrill). The story is a passionate one of the Mexican frontier, — priests, people, a sheriff's posse, and an execution figuring in its pages, beside the strikingly conceived figure of the heroine, Ramoncita. The story has the merit of being inevitable, the scenes of blood and lawlessness being supported by the environment in the most essential manner.

Mr. Edwin Asa Dix has written of New England village life most acceptably in "Old Bowen's Legacy" (The Century Co.). The action turns upon the bequest of an eccentric person, and the types which the author draws of the various people who are involved in the final award are clear and distinct.

Literary Notes.

"First Year Latin," by Messrs. William C. Collar and M. Grant Daniell, has just been published by Messrs. Ginn & Co.

Herr Carl Niebuhr's "The Tell el Amarna Period" is the second number of Mr. David Nutt's pamphlet series entitled "The Ancient East."

Mr. Henry W. Boynton has edited for the "Riverside" series of Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., a selection from the poems of Alexander Pope.

"Foundation Lessons in English," by Messrs. O. I. Woodley and M. S. Woodley, is a text-book, in two volumes, for very young pupils, published by the Macmillan Co.

Messrs. D. C. Heath & Co. have just published a new edition, with many improvements, of that excellent text-book, "A History of the United States," by Mr. Allen C. Thomas.

Messrs. Charles H. Kerr & Co. publish, in pamphlet form, a new English translation of Plato's "Republic," Book I., by Professor Alexander Kerr, of the University of Wisconsin.

"The Latin Pronouns Is, Hic, Iste, Ipse," by Dr. Clarence L. Meader, is described as "a semasiological study," and appears among the recent publications of the Macmillan Co.

Volume VIII. of Dr. Camden M. Cobern's "Commentary on the Old Testament," comprising the Books of Ezekiel and Daniel, has just been published by Messrs. Eaton & Mains.

Wilhelm Hauff's "Lichtenstein," adapted — suspicious word — for English readers by Mr. L. L. Weeden, and published by Messrs. E. P. Dutton & Co., makes a showy but not unattractive volume.

A new edition, "re-written and re-arranged," of Prof. W. W. Skeat's "Concise Etymological Dictionary of the English Language," has just been published by the Oxford Clarendon Press for Mr. Henry Frowde.

Messrs. Henry Holt & Co. are the publishers of a "School and College Speaker," edited by Mr. Wilmot Brookings Mitchell. A judicious mixture of old and new matter characterizes the selections which make up the bulk of the work.

The American Book Co. has just sent us an "Academic Algebra," the work of Dr. William J. Milne. The same publishers also send us an "Oral Lesson Book in Hygiene," designed for primary teachers, by Miss Henrietta Amelia Mirick.

Miss Isabel Maddison, the compiler of the useful "Handbook of British, Continental, and Canadian Universities," with special reference to the courses open to women, has prepared a "Supplement for 1901," which may be obtained from her at Bryn Mawr College.

Emerson's "Representative Men" and a two-volume edition of "Adam Bede" are the latest additions to the Dent-Macmillan series of "Temple Classics." The frontispiece to the former work is an unfamiliar portrait of Emerson in early manhood, reproduced from a woodcut.

The best of De Quincey, including the "Opium Eater," "English Mail Coach," etc., is contained in the latest volume of Messrs Macmillan's "Library of English Classics." The twenty-five volumes previously announced in this series are now published, but we note with pleasure that others are to follow. These handsome and dignified reprints fill a distinct need.

One Hundred Books for Summer Reading.

A SELECT LIST OF SOME RECENT PUBLICATIONS.

[Fuller descriptions of most of the following books, of the sort popularly known as "Summer reading," may be found in the advertising pages of this number or of recent numbers of The Dial.]

FICTION.

Adams, F. U. "The Kidnapped Millionaires." Lothrop Publishing Co. $1.50.
"Alien." "Another Woman's Territory." T. Y. Crowell & Co. $1.50.
Babcock, William H. "The Tower of Wye." H. T. Coates & Co. $1.50.
Bailey, H. C. "My Lady of Orange." Longmans, Green, & Co. $1.25.
Belden, Jessie Van Zile. "Antonia." L. C. Page & Co. $1.50.
Bell, Lilian. "Sir John and the American Girl." Harper & Brothers. $1.15 *net*.
Bellamy, Edward. "The Duke of Stockbridge." Silver, Burdett & Co. $1.50.
Churchill, Winston. "The Crisis." Macmillan Co. $1.50.
"Connor, Ralph." "Black Rock." F. H. Revell Co. $1.25.
"Connor, Ralph." "The Sky Pilot." F. H. Revell Co. $1.25.
Crowninshield, Mrs. Schuyler. "Valencia's Garden." McClure, Phillips & Co. $1.50.
Eggleston, George C. "A Carolina Cavalier." Lothrop Publishing Co. $1.50.
Ellis, J. Breckenridge. "Garcilaso." A. C. McClurg & Co. $1.25.
Farquhar, Anna. "The Devil's Plough." L. C. Page & Co. $1.50.
Forsslund, M. Louise. "The Story of Sarah." Brentano's. $1.50.
Fowler, Ellen T. "Sirius." D. Appleton & Co. $1.50.
Frothingham, Eugenia B. "The Turn of the Road." Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.50.
Gerard, Dorothea. "The Supreme Crime." T. Y. Crowell & Co. $1.50.
Gibbs, George. "In Search of Mademoiselle." H. T. Coates & Co. $1.50.
Gissing, George. "Our Friend the Charlatan." Henry Holt & Co. $1.50.
Goodwin, Maud Wilder. "Sir Christopher." Little, Brown, & Co. $1.50.
Gordon, Julien. "His Letters." D. Appleton & Co. $1.50.
Harben, Will N. "Westerfelt." Harper & Brothers. $1.50.
Harris, Frank B. "The Road to Ridgeby's." Small, Maynard & Co. $1.50.
Harrison, Mrs. Burton. "A Princess of the Hills." Lothrop Publishing Co. $1.50.
Hazelton, George C. "Mistress Nell." Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.50.
Howells, W. D. "A Pair of Patient Lovers." Harper & Brothers. $1.15 *net*.
Jerome, Jerome K. "Observations of Henry." Dodd, Mead & Co. $1.25.
Johnson, Owen. "Arrows of the Almighty." Macmillan Co. $1.50.
Jones, Dora M. "A Soldier of the King." Cassell & Co. $1.25.
Laut, A. C. "Lords of the North." J. F. Taylor & Co. $1.50.
Lush, Charles K. "The Autocrats." Doubleday, Page & Co. $1.50.
McCall, Sidney. "Truth Dexter." Little, Brown, & Co. $1.50.
McCarthy, Justin. "Mononia." Small, Maynard & Co. $1.50.
McCutcheon, G. B. "Graustark." H. S. Stone & Co. $1.50.
McElroy, Lucy Cleaver. "Juletty." T. Y. Crowell & Co. $1.50.
Magruder, Julia. "A Sunny Southerner." L. C. Page & Co. $1.25.
Marnan, Basil. "A Daughter of the Veldt." Henry Holt & Co. $1.50.
Moore, F. Frankfort. "Nell Gwyn — Comedian." Brentano's. $1.50.

Moore, John T. "A Summer Hymnal." H. T. Coates & Co. $1.25.
Naylor, James Ball. "Ralph Marlowe." Saalfield Publishing Co. $1.50.
Norris, Frank. "The Octopus." Doubleday, Page & Co. $1.50.
Norris, Mary Harriott. "The Grapes of Wrath." Small, Maynard & Co. $1.50.
Outhwaite, R. L., and Chomley, C. H. "The Wisdom of Esau." Cassell & Co. $1.25.
Overton, Gwendolen. "The Heritage of Unrest." Macmillan Co. $1.50.
Oxenham, John. "Our Lady of Deliverance." Henry Holt & Co. $1.50.
Payne, Will. "The Story of Eva." Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.50.
Peterson, Maud H. "The Potter and the Clay." Lothrop Publishing Co. $1.50.
Post, Melville D. "Dwellers in the Hills." G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.25.
Potter, Margaret H. "The House of de Mailly." Harper & Brothers. $1.50.
Preston, Sydney H. "The Abandoned Farmer." Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.25.
Roberts, C. G. D. "Heart of the Ancient Wood." Silver, Burdett & Co. $1.50.
Sawyer, Josephine C. "Every Inch a King." Dodd, Mead & Co. $1.50.
Tynan, Katharine. "A Daughter of the Fields." A. C. McClurg & Co. $1.50.
Venable, W. H. "A Dream of Empire." Dodd, Mead & Co. $1.50.
Voynich, Mrs. E. L. "Jack Raymond." J. B. Lippincott Co. $1.50.
Wharton, Edith. "Crucial Instances." Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.50.
Winter, John Strange. "The Career of a Beauty." J. B. Lippincott Co. $1.25.
Wyatt, Edith. "Every One his Own Way." McClure, Phillips & Co. $1.50.

NATURE AND OUT-OF-DOORS BOOKS.

Abbott, Charles C. "In Nature's Realm." Albert Brandt. $2.50 *net*.
Adams, John C. "Nature Studies in Berkshire." Popular edition. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $2.50 *net*.
Arnold, Augusta Foote. "The Sea-Beach at Ebb-Tide." Century Co. $2.40 *net*.
Bignell, Effie. "Mr. Chupes and Miss Jenny: The Life Story of Two Robins." Baker & Taylor Co. $1.
Boardman, W. H. "Lovers of the Woods." McClure, Phillips & Co. $1.50.
Chapman, F. M. "Bird Life." Popular edition in colors. D. Appleton & Co. $2. *net*.
Clute, W. L. "Our Ferns in their Haunts." F. A. Stokes Co. $2.15 *net*.
Comstock, J. H. "Insect Life." Edition in colors. D. Appleton & Co. $1.75 *net*.
Dickerson, Mary C. "Moths and Butterflies." Ginn & Co. $2.50 *net*.
Eckstorm, Fannie H. "The Bird Book." D. C. Heath & Co. 60 cts. *net*.
"Gardens Old and New." Charles Scribner's Sons. $15.
Going, Maud. "With the Wild Flowers." Baker & Taylor Co. $1.
Herrick, Francis H. "Home Life of Wild Birds." G. P. Putnam's Sons. $2.50 *net*.
Lounsberry, Alice. "Southern Wild Flowers and Trees." F. A. Stokes Co. $3.65 *net*.
Maeterlinck, Maurice. "The Life of the Bee." Dodd, Mead & Co. $1.40 *net*.
Miller, Olive Thorne. "Second Book of Birds: Bird Families." Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1. *net*.
Mowbray, J. P. "A Journey to Nature." Doubleday, Page & Co. $1.50 *net*.
Seton-Thompson, Ernest. "Bird Portraits." With text by Ralph Hoffmann. Ginn & Co. $1.50 *net*.
Torrey, Bradford. "Everyday Birds." Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.
Weed, Clarance Moores. "Nature Biographies." Doubleday, Page & Co. $1.50 *net*.
Wheeler, Candace. "Content in a Garden." Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.25 *net*.
Wright, Mabel Osgood. "Flowers and Ferns in their Haunts." Macmillan Co. $2.50 *net*.

TRAVEL AND DESCRIPTION.

Carmichael, Montgomery. "In Tuscany." E. P. Dutton & Co. $3. *net*.
Clark, Francis E. "A New Way around an Old World." Harper & Brothers. $1.50.
Conway, Sir Martin. "The Bolivian Andes." Harper & Brothers. $3. *net*.
Dawson, William H. "German Life in Town and Country." G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.20 *net*.
Deasy, H. H. P. "In Tibet and Chinese Turkestan." Longmans, Green, & Co. $5. *net*.
Dutt, W. A. "Highways and Byways in East Anglia." Macmillan Co. $2.
Howell, W. D., and Others. "The Niagara Book." Doubleday, Page & Co. $1.50.
King, Bolton, and Okey, Thomas. "Italy To-day." Charles Scribner's Sons. $3. *net*.
Landor, A. H. Savage. "China and the Allies." Charles Scribner's Sons. $7.50 *net*.
Little, Archibald J. "Mount Omi and Beyond." F. A. Stokes Co. $3.50.
Lynch, Hannah. "French Life in Town and Country." G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.20 *net*.
McClure, A. K. "To the Pacific and Mexico." J. B. Lippincott Co. $1. *net*.
Meakin, Budgett. "The Land of the Moors." Macmillan Co. $5.
Palmer, F. H. E. "Russian Life in Town and Country." G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.20 *net*.
Percival, Olive. "Mexico City: An Idler's Note-Book." H. S. Stone & Co. $1.25.
Stadling, J. "Through Siberia." E. P. Dutton & Co. $6.
Stedman, E. C., and T. L. "Pocket-Guide to Europe." Wm. R. Jenkins. $1.25.
Vivian, Herbert. "Abyssinia." Longmans, Green, & Co. $4.
Williamson, George C. "Cities of Northern Italy." A. Wessels Co. $1.25 *net*.

TOPICS IN LEADING PERIODICALS.

July, 1901.

Alaska, Delta Country of. G. R. Putnam. *Scribner*.
Alfred, King. Louis Dyer. *Atlantic*.
America, Buddhist Discovery of. John Fryer. *Harper*.
American Progress and British Commerce. *North American*.
Animals, Imposters among. W. M. Wheeler. *Century*.
Architectural Studies, Plea for. A. D. F. Hamlin. *Forum*.
Arnold, Matthew. W. C. Brownell. *Scribner*.
Balance of Trade Theory. C. J. Bullock. *North American*.
Balloon Racing, Long Distance. Walter Wellman. *McClure*.
Brooks's, Betting Book at. G. S. Street. *North American*.
Canada, Our Relations with. J. D. Whelpley. *World's Work*.
Cassatt, Alexander. F. N. Barksdale. *World's Work*.
Catholic Christianity. Cardinal Gibbons. *North American*.
Château de Joux, An Escape from the. *Century*.
China, Plea for Integrity of. W. C. J. Reid. *Forum*.
Christian Science Paradox. J. M. Buckley. *North American*.
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